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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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VOL. 105, NO. 6 NEW YORK MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1941 NUMBER 1393

On the Russian Front

The whole world is watching the fighting on the Russian front. Contrary to the predictions of nearly all the military experts (among the exceptions was Max Werner, writing in The New Republic) the German Blitzkrieg has been halted for five weeks, ever since Hitler's troops reached the Russian permanent fortifications on the old Soviet-Polish frontier. Since then the only important German advance has been the encirclement of Smolensk. The Germans have been forced to fight almost on a straight line, precisely the type of war their High Command has sought to avoid. Hitler's men have tried in vain to find one weak spot after another; the offensive on Kiev seems to be chiefly a diversion undertaken after the big Smolensk battle had become a stalemate. It is now obvious that Germany is no longer capable of launching an offensive on the entire front at once; it has been compelled to substitute local and partial attacks.

The situation is analogous to that of the German Army of 1914 on the Western Front, before and after the Battle of the Marne. Recent German history books give a picture of what happened: "It was not possible in view of the limited resources at the disposal of the German Army on the Western front to hold Alsace-Lorraine and prepare a Cannae (a battle of annihilation) for the French in Lorraine, whilst at the same time conducting an enveloping movement through Belgium and Northern France." (Handbuch der Neuzeitlichen Kriegswissenschaft, Berlin, 1936, Vol. I, p. 290). It is comparatively easy to substitute Kiev for Alsace-Lorraine and the Smolensk drive for the push through Belgium and Northern France.

Not Infallible

A little news item from Moscow this week filled us with unholy glee. Two German spies were arrested at a railroad station in Russia wearing Russian clothing. They explained they had been sent to do some government work at the city of Viatka, and were promptly arrested because of the simple fact that Viatka had its name changed to Kirov seven years ago. The German Geopolitik Institute is supposed to be the wonder of the world; many millions of dollars have been spent by it accumulating exhaustive information about every country in the world; yet it was not able to prevent the Germany army, or the Gestapo, or somebody, from sending spies into Russia looking for a town that had not existed for seven years. Thank you, Doctor Goebbels; we feel better now.

Tax Bill Improved

We are glad that the House of Representatives defeated so decisively the provision in the tax bill to force husbands and wives to make joint returns. If this action forces the adoption of higher surtaxes and excess profits taxes, so much the better.

The argument that the provision would have affected only a few in the higher income brackets, mostly tax-evaders, seems to us both unsubstantiated and largely irrelevant. Anyone subject to surtaxes would be affected, and surtaxes now extend far down the income scale and will extend further. The provision would probably also have brought into the range of the income tax itself many wage-working couples now exempt. We favor lowering the exemption and increasing the surtax rates—but in a manner to affect all

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equitably, not just working wives and their husbands.

It is true that a husband with a large income from investments may, by transferring part of his holdings to his wife, reduce his surtax. But why, on this account, should couples, both of whom earn money or have legitimately independent incomes, be forced to pay higher taxes than if they had remained single? Though much sentimental tosh is talked about "preserving the home," such a provision might easily retard marriages or discourage women from working. And in the words of Burgess and Cottrell in their "Predicting Success or Failure in Marriage," "the data for the wives gives a consistent picture of a positive relation between size of income at marriage and the probability of success in marriage." In other words, women who earn probably tend to make better marital adjustments. Certainly the tendency for men and women to seek separate incomes and share, as individuals, their economic responsibilities, should not be penalized. And this tendency is not confined to a few, or to the rich.

Mr. Welles Warns Petain

For some days the German-controlled Paris newspapers have been demanding from Vichy "political and military collaboration with Germany for defense of France's colonial empire." At the height of this attack, Acting Secretary of State Sumner Welles warned that the attitude of the United States would depend on "the effectiveness with which France defends its territories against the Axis powers' aggression." "Authorized sources" in Vichy replied that their government would refuse military coöperation with Germany in North Africa, including a German proposal to occupy Dakar. Strict censorship in Vichy has prevented American correspondents from commenting frankly on the situation, but a cautiously worded dispatch from G. H. Archambault to The New York Times on August 4 reports Marshal Petain as saying: "For the sake of my country I am ready to give my popularity." Mr. Archambault hints that such popularity depends largely on Vichy's external policies, of which good relations with the United States are an important factor. Closer collaboration with the Axis would lessen public support for Petain, and reports reaching here of sporadic riots and outbreaks in unoccupied France might indicate public fear of concessions to the Nazis. The New Republic believes that such concessions will be made; if not now, in the same undercover, gradual way as was the case with German penetration into Syria and North Africa. Our State Department has had ample evidence by now of Vichy's acceptance "in principle" of collaboration with Germany and Mr. Welles' warning, timely as it was, can do little more than check briefly a movement that has never changed direction since the fall of France. Or does Mr. Welles intend to wait to be convinced? Will he wait until the French, working with refugee and prison labor, have completed the trans-Saharan railway to Dakar—and points west?

Saving Gas

Because of the diversion of tankers to England, there is a shortage of gasoline on the Atlantic Seaboard. Some weeks ago Secretary Ickes, who is in charge of this problem, appealed for voluntary gas saving by motorists. Whatever the response may have been in some localities, for the area as a whole it was a failure. Mr. Ickes himself admitted this when he introduced the next step, closing the gas stations from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. It is doubtful whether this plan will be effective; anyone who cares to can drive at least 150 miles at night by buying a tankful of gas before seven o'clock. It is hinted from Washington that compulsory rationing will be introduced immediately after Labor Day. Such a system, of course, will work great hardships on a country which is so completely motorized as the United States. We are confident, however, that Americans will realize the need for sacrifice.

Meanwhile, we wish Mr. Ickes would be a little more candid with the public. How much gasoline is actually available in the areas of shortage? Were the railroad spokesmen lying when they said a short time ago that they could take care of the shortage if the big oil companies would only use their services? Who prevented new pipelines from being started when the problem first became evident? What steps will be taken to make sure gasoline is not wasted by commercial users while it is being withheld from so-called pleasure drivers, much of whose travel is actually for business purposes?

The Silk Shortage

There is something mysterious about America's shortage of silk. We do not look with alarm upon an unsheathed feminine leg, and not even the prospect of cotton stockings can shatter our morale or dim our patriotism. It seems somewhat more important at the moment that we have silk for parachutes and powder bags, and we are glad, whatever the sacrifices to our own esthetic sense, that the government has commandeered the silk now in private hands.

More than a year and a half ago legislation was passed enabling the administration to build up stockpiles of strategic materials. Silk was specifically named among these. But now that our Japanese supply is cut off, we find the government seems to have bought up little or no silk. Did the officials instead make sure that private stocks were sufficient for a long war? It is probable that nylon parachutes will prove successful, but so far no adequate substitute has been found for silk powder bags in America (Germany has one). Every other material known here leaves an ash. If the government depended upon private stocks, it should have warned industry to stock rayon, in order to ease

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the dislocation among silk processors. Or was Japanese appeasement supposed to operate into perpetuity?

Half Measures Won't Work

All signs point to bad trouble ahead in connection with the price-control bill. There are some Rip Van Winkles in Congress who even now do not see the necessity for such a measure; but almost as bad are those who agree that in theory prices should be controlled in nearly all fields. They want a ceiling on the other fellow's prices, but not on their own. Surely it should be clear by now that the only way to prevent inflation is to control the prices of *everything;* and by that word we mean everything, including raw materials, manufactures, farm products and, by some means, labor costs. This does not mean that the worker will have his remuneration frozen; in specific cases he can get an increase both in his nominal money income and in his real wages (purchasing power). Such control, however, protects him from runaway prices which partly empty his pay envelope and force him to fight, not necessarily for more money but for the same standard of living he has previously had.

The failure of the administration to face this issue honestly and long ago has already done much harm. Competent statisticians estimate that the defense program is now costing us from one-fifth to one-third more than it should because of inflationary price increases. That is a drain at present of two and a half to four billion dollars annually, and it will soon be much more.

The peace conference following this war now seems a long way off; but it may be nearer than we think. It is highly desirable that the United States should enter that conference with a low-price structure, and work for a just and lasting peace. A high-price structure might put blinders on our delegates as the people at home demanded no changes to upset the existing economy. The administration and Congress are faced by a simple choice. Have they the courage to act boldly now? Or will they timidly seek half measures which will need to be scrapped in the midst of a thoroughgoing mess a few months hence?

Number One Is in Rubber

When the OPM was recently reorganized, a series of advisory committees representing labor was planned. The first of these to meet is that on rubber, which held a session in Washington a few days ago. Six CIO men and one from the AFL debated earnestly a number of subjects, including whether or not women's corsets and girdles should still be manufactured at a cost of 5,000 tons of rubber per year. The committee decided that girdles should go on, perhaps remembering that to stop the manufacture of rubber thread might cost 60,000 textile workers their jobs. It further urged that rubber supplies be allocated by areas and not by companies, thus preventing closing down certain plants entirely, and recommended that if rubber workers are laid off, this should be on a seniority basis and with seniority rights preserved. The committee did about what was expected; the next groups to meet, representing aluminum and airplanes, will have a much more severe test. The rubber committee met under sharp fire from Philip Murray of the CIO, who of course prefers his own excellent Industry Council Plan. Whether these advisory committees really amount to anything will depend largely on the courage with which Sidney Hillman fights for them against the Stettinius gang. They're his baby.

Butter or Oleomargarine?

A long-continued American battle flared up in Congress the other day—the one between spokesmen for producers of butter and those who are friendly to manufacturers of oleomargarine. The occasion for the revival of the historic quarrel was a recent radio broadcast by the Consumers Counsel of the Department of Agriculture. This program told the American people that oleomargarine is not only very much cheaper than butter, but that it is an important food on its own account. By law, butter and oleomargarine are both required to be at least 80 percent fat, are equally digestible and equally rich in fuel value. Under the new standards of the Food and Drug Administration, margarine is now reinforced with Vitamin A and therefore equal to butter in nutritive content.

That the government should point this out caused Representative August Andresen a mild case of hysterics. Representative Andresen comes from a dairy state, and naturally wants everybody in the country to eat butter despite the fact that we don't produce enough to give everyone the necessary quantity for health, and that a large part of the population could not afford it at last year's prices, to say nothing of this year's that are one-third higher. He objected also to the fact that the government radio program told the listener that dairy interests in many states have succeeded in jamming through outrageous taxes on oleomargarine in order to force people to eat butter whether they can afford it or not. In this battle we are all on the side of the Department of Agriculture. We hope it will continue to speak out in the interest of the consuming public.

Last Week

Governor Lehman's suggestion that "Thou Shalt Not Kill," be printed on New York automobile license plates has not aroused much enthusiasm. The concensus is that percentage-wise the governor got worked up over the wrong amendment. . . . The nation's redcaps believe the 10-cent-per-package charge at railroad stations has proved a failure. One Bostonian testified that "Even the Cabots and Lodges started carrying their own bags." By the traditional rhyme about the land

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of the cod, this puts the Deity into an isolated position. . . . Most horrible of the casualties of the present war have been those among American experts on Russia. The Soviets double-crossed them once by their inexcusable failure to collapse in three weeks. We don't blame our sages now for protesting angrily that the Russians are deliberately putting good news into their communiques. . . . "On one side are Rome, Berlin and Tokyo," says Mussolini, "on the other, London, Washington and Moscow. Not even the slightest doubt can arise concerning the outcome of this battle." But Lil' Duce spoiled it all by stirring up a little doubt with: "We shall win."

When Winter Comes to Russia

THE RUSSO-GERMAN WAR is an affair of vast spaces, vast numbers, vast movements, obscurely seen through the double veil of German and Russian censorship. Up to date, the balance of success would seem to lie, of course, with the Germans. They have spent most of the time doing what they wanted to do, though not nearly all of it; and the Russians have spent most of their time preventing the Germans from doing it all. The Soviet counter-attacks have not yet developed into a counter-offensive, and in the main the initiative still lies with the Nazis. Yet the performance of the Red Army has been so impressive that it is more reasonable every day to think and plan in terms of a long war on the Eastern Front and of our own proper role in that war.

It is not only reasonable, it is urgently and drastically necessary that we do this. It would be the worst possible folly to use this breathing space solely for the purpose of breathing (the phrase is Elmer Davis's, and we thank him for it). The immediate problem is, what can the United States and Britain do to help the Russians in the critical months before winter slows the pace of the eastern battle?

We should send supplies—whatever it is that the Russians most need—and American ships and American guns should guarantee that the goods arrive. But this is not enough. The threat of Japanese attack ought to be lifted from eastern Siberia, and more of the crack Russian divisions there set free for removal to the German front. An economic boycott of Japan will help to do this; and several squadrons of four-engine bombers flown out to Vladivostok by way of Alaska would be a salutary threat to the tinder cities of Japan.

There is yet another move that would take us directly into the main fight, the fight against Hitler himself, and this is to make a landing in northern Norway or in Finland as a diversion to relieve the pressure on Murmansk and thus to help the Russians keep the railway open between that always ice-free port and the eastern battle front. The British have led the way in their air raids on Kirkenes and Petsamo, and American and British forces might well be joined in the suggested expedition. The only railroad in this whole northern region is the Russian line to Murmansk. In transporting a force to this coast and in keeping it supplied, sea power would give America and Britain a real advantage over Germany, for the Germans would have to choose between the long overland route and the gauntlet of the North Sea. Then, too, the Norwegians, restless under a German rule that turns to more and more repressive measures, are perhaps readier than any other people in Europe to give support to such an Allied expedition.

The immediate object of such a landing would be to brace up the Eastern Front until winter comes. When Hitler peers into the future, it is not impossible that he sees a veil of swirling snow between himself and certain things that he much desires. But before snow falls, there will be rains. Everywhere along the front from the Pinsk marshes northward, July is the wettest month of the year; while south of the marshes in the Ukraine, it is June. In August the rainfall declines somewhat, and in September and October it diminishes sharply—two months of good campaigning weather, though shortening days and falling temperatures will tend more and more to neutralize the effect of diminishing rainfall, and to keep the tenacious Russian mud in being. The cold begins to close in early; about the twentieth of October the mean daily temperature will already stand at the freezing point at Murmansk, while this night-and-day average will be reached about the middle of November at Leningrad, Smolensk, and Kiev, and about the middle of December at Odessa. Everywhere in the battle region except in the extreme north and the extreme south the mid-winter temperatures will approximate those of northern Michigan and all the rivers will be ice-bound for several months. Even at Odessa, on the Black Sea, the ground will be covered with snow for about twenty days; Kiev will be three months under the snow, Smolensk and Leningrad, five, and Murmansk, on the Arctic Ocean, nearly seven.

Of course, some of the eastern battles of the First World War were fought in winter, as was the Russo-Finnish War of 1939-40. In such weather, many of the wounded freeze quietly to death, but this is not allowed to interfere with the conduct of military operations. Also, the snow falls on both the just and the unjust, but in the present instance the unjust will have the worst of it, the Russians are bred to these winters, while the Germans are not; and again, the Russians, if they are still on the defensive, will profit by the great retardation, if not the outright stoppage, of the German war of movement.

Time is on the side of the Russians; and time is on our side too, if we will only use it instead of permitting it to be used against us. We are not perfectly ready,

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of course—but we shall never be; and in any case, the only proper measure of military readiness is a measure that compasses every part of the enemy's force and every element of the forces that can be brought to bear against him. An American soldier landed now on the shores of Europe is not one soldier but a hundred, for he helps to keep a hundred Russian soldiers on the fighting front. It is only the simplest common sense to consider the very worst that can possibly happen if Russia is left to fight alone, and to strike now while the Russians are there to multiply our blows a hundred fold. It is a risky thing to act, but still riskier to stand aside and hope.

General Winter offers us his Arctic reënforcements; he will be marching soon against the German front. Will we help to hold the lines until he comes?

Dollar-a-Year Democracy

EVERY DAY WE HEAR encouraging news about new plants getting into production, about better records for tanks, planes and miscellaneous war materials. The nation is really getting into its stride. But let us not pause to congratulate ourselves on this fact. The truth is that we ought to have been in our stride at least six months ago, and, by this time, halfway through the race. There are new mistakes to be made if we are not watchful, new obstacles to be overcome. We must have, and at once, intelligent price control. We must have a combined economic strategy for war and civilian production, rather than such wasteful spectacles as a knock-down and drag-out fight—in the press—over whether to cut automobile production 50 percent, when there is not material enough in sight for that much.

The mistakes so far made have been due, more than anything else, to the poor judgment of the dollar-a-year men in the defense organization and their influence with the president. It is important now to register this indubitable fact, for future reference. We may need the special abilities of these men, or their power over industry, but we should be on guard against errors arising from their special weaknesses.

Behind us is a year-long history of wishfulness in thought and action as to what will be required to organize a war economy and how tough a job it will be. The dollar-a-year men of the OPM have consistently overestimated what we have been producing, the extent of our effective spending and contract awards. They have consistently underestimated the time it will require us to get into the full swing of war production. Their reports have lacked frankness, their speeches have been delivered with the cheerfulness of a doctor in his best bedside manner. Their calculations about raw material shortages have been wrong, and their reassurances monstrous under the circumstances. They have either themselves been blind or ignorant, or else they have treated us as adolescents to whom the facts of life had better be broken warily and by easy stages. Contrast this with Mr. Henderson's recent speech before a trade association meeting, when he said frankly that the defense honeymoon was over. Even the conservatives of our country could learn from Mr. Churchill that the best tactic in a war situation is to speak to people in a democracy on the assumption that they are grown up.

In another area, that of economic techniques, they have been equally short-sighted. They have failed to evoke the energies of the small business units in the defense effort. They have not organized industry democratically from the bottom up. Business men in search of the niche in the defense economy where they could make their contribution have notoriously been given the Washington run-around. They have bungled the problem of farming-out. Because they have not wished to reveal or face the facts of monopoly in our economic set-up, they have allowed an intolerable situation in aluminum, with the result that we find ourselves today in the pathetic situation, so far as aluminum is concerned, of appearing in a full-dress rehearsal for war decked out like a wandering minstrel in the shreds and patches of a house-to-house collection of pots and pans. In fact, if it were not for the Truman committee and the work of Thurman Arnold and his staff, we would not even know why the aluminum shortage has arisen. Fortunately the force of the exposure has blasted the men of the OPM out of their complacency, so that finally we have set in motion an expansion of aluminum, steel, and power capacity.

It can never be said often enough that it is not the patriotism of these men that is at fault. The fact is that they are needed but they have been in the wrong place. They have, as a business managerial group, a definite set of skills to contribute. But what Harold Laski once said about all experts should apply particularly to our dollar-a-year men: they should be on tap but not on top. In positions of government power men are what they are as a result of three sets of factors: their economic interests and political preferences, their technical training and experience, their mental conditioning and habituations. In all three respects the dollar-a-year men in the OPM are, with a few striking exceptions, unfitted for positions of power. Their economic interests are implicated in the decisions they have to make; their training fits them for intra-industrial rather than inter-industrial decisions, their habituations are against a planned and socialized economy which is necessary to win the war. "War," Clemenceau once said, "is too important a matter to be left to the generals." How much more truly that could be applied to the dollar-a-year men.

A final word about Mr. Roosevelt and his relation to this whole picture. The President, although he should have known better through his experience in fighting the depression, must have felt that the job of war pro-

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duction was merely a production job, involving few matters of economic complexity and social justice; and that it could be turned over to men like Knudsen and Biggers and Stettinius. The last year has proved how wrong he was. He made a good record under the New Deal because when he first came to the Presidency he came after someone else had flunked. He therefore introduced new methods and fresh conceptions. But it was he himself who started the defense effort. The consequences of failure did not seem as obvious: not jobs lost, only time. He flunked. There is no one else to come in afresh. He must study all over again, take the make-up exam, and this time pass.

What is needed for all of us—President, dollar-a-year men, administrators, generals, workers—is sweat and imagination.

Organizing for Economic War

IN SETTING UP A BOARD to exercise authority over economic warfare, President Roosevelt took a most necessary step, and in placing Vice-President Wallace at its head, he chose a man of the highest qualifications for the job. What remains is to use this new instrument at its fullest potentiality by adopting a policy of waging all-out economic war.

Within this country, the necessity for coördination of action in this realm is obvious. Numerous governmental agencies are involved, and they should be part of the same picture, rather than offering us a ten-ring circus. We have the administration of the embargoes and partial embargoes on war materials. We have the agencies which grant or withhold foreign credits, both for long and short terms, and their action in relation to Latin-America and the two groups of belligerents. We have the lease-lend administration, the control by the Department of Agriculture over import and export of farm products, the Department of State and its relation with foreign governments in the economic realm, the control of shipping. These and other activities sometimes seem to be moving in opposite directions at the same time. Even when they are not, the net effects of our policy would be far greater if each were an integrated part of a larger whole.

Equally necessary is the coördination of our economic action with that of other nations seeking the same goals —specifically with the opponents of Hitler on the one hand and with the non-belligerent American nations on the other. The economic power of the non-Axis world is enormous, but it never will be properly mobilized unless it is wielded as a unit. This is dramatized just now in the Far East, where we need to confront Japan with completely unified action on the part of ourselves, the British Empire, the Dutch, China and the Soviet Union. But it is equally necessary in dealing with Hitler, his friends and near friends.

Technically we have coöperated passively with the British blockade, but actually our products have leaked through to the Axis at many different points and by indirect routes—South America, Spain, Japan. The recent blacklist may help to remedy that, but why should we have one blacklist and the British another, and why should ours have been so tardy? There must be no more incidents like that of the French tanker, stopped by the British Navy and then released to proceed to Weygand in North Africa at the insistence of our State Department. The shipping of the democratic world must be coördinated also and operated as a unit, if the Battle of the Atlantic is to be won.

Mr. Wallace is a well grounded student of foreign trade, and through his work as Secretary of Agriculture he has had a good deal of practical enlightenment as to how it operates. His attitude is American and international at the same time; again and again he has demonstrated the ability to take the long view. He is no less convinced of the necessity of defeating Hitler than the President himself. All he needs in order to do this job well is a signal to go ahead. But he cannot do it well if we continue a policy of half-hearted threat and weak-kneed appeasement such as the administration has, even up to the moment of writing, pursued with Vichy and Japan.

One more thing is necessary to pull our defense machinery together—a body which will unify the objectives and policies of warfare, both military and economic, both domestic and foreign. Nobody so far has defined and elaborated the announced major directives. The defense machinery has been handicapped because it has had no meaningful goal to shoot for; we have had no agency to coördinate army, navy, diplomatic policy, production for defense, production for civilians, and foreign trade. No doubt the President thinks of this as his own job, but it is too big for one man; at any rate, he has not done it. Perhaps Mr. Wallace will have to improvise his guiding policy until some such body is created. If so, we hope he will evince the boldness that the situation demands.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Germany's Slave Labor

HAD IT NOT BEEN POSSIBLE for them to employ members of the inferior race which they had conquered, the Aryans would never have been in a position to take the first steps on the road which led them to a later type of Kultur. . . . Only after subjugated races were employed as slaves was a similar fate allotted to animals. . . . The members of the inferior race became the first mechanical tools in the service of a growing Kultur." This is Adolf Hitler's fundamental explanation for the early rise and flowering of the "chosen race."

The Nazi scheme for the attainment of world dominion by the chosen race does not diverge from this fundamental doctrine as it was first expounded in 1926 in the bible of Nazidom. But in order to disguise the slave nature of the work to be done by subjugated peoples, Nazi officials employ a different terminology. The subjugated peoples are now politely referred to as *Hilfsvolk* (helping people), but the Germans continue to call themselves the *Herrenvolk* (the master race).

The Reich used to hire laborers from neighboring countries for seasonal agricultural work long before it embarked on grandiose military adventures. Agricultural workers from Bulgaria, Slovakia and Italy came to Germany in droves to work in the fields and then to return to their own homes. The Central European and Italian peasant did menial but valuable service for the German and was fairly well paid for it. His presence in the Reich also offered to the authorities an incidental opportunity to show the representatives of these "backward" peoples the "wonders" of the German state.

With the expansion of the military might of the Reich to the greater part of Europe this old seasonal feature of hiring foreign laborers took a more extensive and permanent turn. More important still, the Reich stopped hiring foreign workers, and adopted methods known as "borrowing" *Hilfsvolk* to toil in Greater Germany. The first opportunity for such "borrowing" was offered to the Reich soon after the occupation of Prague in March, 1939. With the conquest of Poland, toil by alien workers in Germany lost the character of a temporary loan and took on the nature of a compulsory and permanent duty.

The military successes of the Reich brought with them large food and raw-material supplies and industrial equipment and capacity. At the same time they made available to the Nazi economic machine the manhood of the conquered countries. Large new reserves of efficient and skilled labor could now be found not only in the huge haul of war prisoners but also among the civilian working populations of subjugated lands.

The total number of prisoners taken to Germany is not known. French prisoners in German camps are officially stated to number between 1,800,000 and 2,000,000 men. War prisoners from Belgium account for another 300,000 to 500,000. During the Balkan campaign the Germans rounded up 500,000 Yugoslav prisoners and some 230,000 Greek and British captives. This brings the total haul to at least 3,000,000 men.

Because of the scarcity of labor in Germany there is no hesitation about employing war prisoners in any and every capacity. They are put to work on farms, in mining and peacetime industries and in domestic service. The German authorities are, however, careful not to employ war prisoners in armament factories. According to Reich State Secretary Syrup, the authorities had succeeded by the end of March, 1941, in placing in full employment exactly 90 percent of the war prisoners taken to Germany, or at least 2,500,000 men. Of this number, 56 percent were engaged in agricultural labor and 44 percent in industrial work.

The conditions of work and pay of the prisoners of war in Germany may be illustrated by reference to the official regulations issued on October 1, 1940, with regard to the employment of prisoners in the sugar industry. The German employer is required to supply the prisoner with free board and lodging. If board and lodging cannot be supplied and the prisoner has to live and be fed in his camp, the employer remunerates the authorities of the camp at the rate of one mark per day for each employed prisoner. This is equivalent to 40 cents at the official rate of exchange. Of the remuneration for keep paid by the employer, 80 percent, or 32 cents, covers the prisoner's board and 20 percent, or 8 cents, goes toward his lodging.

In addition to this board and lodging or its money equivalent, the prisoner earns two and one-half marks ($1) per each working day of six hours and more. When the time worked is less than the minimum six hours, the rate of earnings is one and one-half marks, or 60 cents. Specially skilled prisoners earn a supplement not exceeding one-half mark, or 20 cents, per day. No supplements are payable for Sunday or night work or for overtime. Thus the total amount which the war prisoner can earn varies between two and one-half and three marks, or $1 and $1.20 per day. To this may be added the solitary mark he receives for his board and lodging, making a total daily remuneration ranging from three and one-half marks to four marks, or $1.40 to $1.60. This is about half of the average daily wage received by German skilled and unskilled workers.

But whereas the German laborer is entitled to receive and spend all of his earnings in cash, the war prisoner is unable to do so. The daily earnings of the war prisoner, including the supplement for skill, are paid over to the base military camp where the prisoner is stationed.

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The German military authorities determine the proportion of his earnings which the prisoner may have in cash. Nor is the prisoner entitled to his earnings as a matter of course. If he is a skilled worker, he does get regularly a supplement of one-half mark per day.

The value of the war prisoner to the Reich authorities goes beyond the valuable services he renders free of charge to his captor. The war prisoners represent hostages to be held in German prison camps until the conclusion of a definite peace. These hostages constitute a truly terrible weapon with which Nazi Germany can always intimidate the civilian population of conquered lands. The effectiveness of this weapon becomes obvious when one relates the number of war prisoners to the total population of the subjugated lands. France, for example, has a population of 40,000,000. There are four persons in the average French family. But each family in France, as elsewhere, includes a large number of immediate relatives and friends. If these are added to the household, one gets an average family grouping of some twenty persons. When reduced to these simple terms, the meaning of the 2,000,000 French war prisoners in German camps becomes painfully clear. The Nazis hold a hostage from practically every family living within the borders of France.

The distribution and employment of the labor force of conquered lands has been effected through two devices long used in the Reich. The first was the institution of compulsory labor service. In France and Belgium this was done immediately after occupation, while in the Nordic countries the process was somewhat slower. Denmark decreed compulsory labor service for all youths on October 18, 1940. In Holland the system was not set up until May 26, 1941, when the Reich Commissioner, Seyss-Inquart, decreed that all Dutch men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five must serve six months in the newly created Netherlands Labor Service. In Bohemia and Moravia a legislative decree of January 23, 1941, imposed compulsory labor service for *all* able-bodied inhabitants, except Germans, *between the ages of eighteen and fifty*. The second device was the establishment of labor exchanges for "voluntary" registration by unemployed persons for work in Germany. Refusal to comply with either of these German requirements entails serious consequences. The first is the withdrawal of the dole card entitling the workman to unemployment compensation. More terrible is the method of refusing to honor the food-ration cards distributed to the worker and his family.

Most unemployed workers are subjected to a thorough medical examination. They are then sorted out into various categories according to their physical fitness and technical aptitudes. Some are put to work on repairing war damage and on carrying out public-works projects which do not require essential raw materials. Others are sent to farms in order to implement the Nazi German scheme for the self-sufficiency of Europe in foodstuffs and in industrial raw materials. The pick of the unemployed workers are reserved either for work on German orders in the industries and mines of occupied countries or for dispatch to Germany. If the worker is marked for the Reich he is sent to the labor exchange, where he is examined further. The picked workers are given identity papers similar to the *Arbeitsbuch* (labor book) used in Germany, and are then sent in special contingents to their destination in the Reich.

When the present war started, the total number of foreigners working in the Reich was officially put at 500,000 men. On October 27, 1940, the official estimates showed a total foreign-labor force of 1,600,000 men; of this total, 500,000 are said to have been war prisoners. By the middle of January, 1941, or two and a half months later, the official estimate for the foreign-labor forces engaged in work in Germany jumped to 2,000,000. It was pointed out, however, that this figure did not include Czechs. The reason given for this exclusion is that since the incorporation of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia into the Reich on October 1, 1940, Czech workers are not treated as foreigners. Of this total of 2,000,000 foreigners admitted to be working in the Reich, 1,391,000 were engaged in agriculture and 670,000 in industry.

The Reich, however, needed more and more men. Following the visit of the German industrial delegation to Italy in February, 1941, an agreement was reached whereby the Fascists were to send to the Reich a total working force of 320,000 Italians. Of this force 54,000 were to be made available immediately for industrial work, 150,000 were to be sent later and 60,000 were required for the spring sowing season. This new force was in addition to 50,000 Italians already working in the Reich. The Balkan campaign brought a haul of 500,000 Yugoslav prisoners, of which 250,000 were sent to work in Germany. The Reich also recruited from the new kingdom of Croatia a labor force of 50,000 men, mostly skilled workers.

By the summer of 1941 the number of foreigners acknowledged to be working in the Reich therefore ranged between 2,700,000 and 3,000,000 men. This figure excludes an unknown number of highly skilled and valuable Czech laborers.

In the spring of 1941 the German government declared that it had changed its policy with regard to the type of jobs to be assigned to the various foreign groups working in the Reich. It claimed that work in agriculture would be entrusted almost entirely to Poles and other Slav elements, while Danish, Norwegian, Netherlands, British, French and Belgian citizens would be assigned to mining and industrial enterprises. This change of policy presumably represented an attempt to allocate work according to the order of the various races of Europe in the "blood scheme" of the Nazis. The supposed official policy is, however,

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not borne out by a special Copenhagen dispatch to The Christian Science Monitor of March 10, 1941, concerning the employment of Danes, a "racial" element which ranks high in the Nazi "blood scheme." The dispatch intimated that no small number of Danish workers had been assigned to street cleaning and other menial jobs in the city of Hamburg. These Danes may represent groups troublesome to the Nazi authorities. Communists and militant labor leaders are usually subjected to special treatment, isolated and put at hard labor. The German authorities tried this special treatment for the first time on Polish and Belgian labor leaders and other troublesome persons. They transferred undesirable Belgians to Polish mines and sent Poles to the coal pits of Belgium.

The wages of civilian foreign laborers in Germany are fixed according to a scale which corresponds to the "blood order" of the alien worker. That this is the established policy of the Nazi Reich is fully admitted in an article published by the official press organ of the German Labor Front, Monatshefte Fuer N. S.-Sozialpolitik, Nos. 19-20, 1940. The article explains that differential rates of wages have been established for German and Polish laborers doing agricultural work in the Warthegau and Danzig—West Prussia. The official reason given for this discrimination is "that the German worker is accustomed to a higher standard of living than that of the Polish workers." This is a somewhat more polite formulation of Robert Ley's famous declaration that it was "unfitting that Poles should presume to have the same standard of living as the Germans." The same article goes on to explain that the differential-wage-rate system devised for agricultural work could not be adopted for industry, owing to the fact that German employers preferred cheap Polish workers to better paid German labor. This difficulty was got around in a simple but effective way. German employers were required to pay Polish workers the same money wages as German workers, but the Reich authorities stepped in and decreed a special levy of 15 to 20 percent on the daily earnings of Polish industrial workers. This levy is known as *Sozialausgleichsabgabe*, or a tax designed to make up for the "social (blood) inferiority" of the persons on whom it is imposed.

Belgian workers are paid from fifteen to eighteen marks a week, which covers only their board and lodging. The German army itself charges seven marks a week for the keep of an employed prisoner, and this keep represents prison-camp quarters and rations. Danish workers, on the other hand, are paid sixty to sixty-five marks a week. Their lodging is provided free, and they can obtain their board at the cost of one mark per day, or seven marks per week. The scale of pay for Danes is more nearly equal to the wages earned by German unskilled workers. These average about sixty-five marks a week.

The longer-term schemes of Nazi Germany for the organization of work and wages in occupied lands follow closely the pattern of the Reich. Greater Germany constitutes the norm both for the organization and regimentation of subjugated labor and for its working hours and scales of pay.

Conquered countries have already adopted two features of the German labor scheme developed by the Nazi Party after the first May Day of its assumption of power. Labor federations, trade unions and other forms of organized labor have been dissolved in all of the occupied lands. Strikes and lockouts have been forbidden by law.

Slowness and the absence of noteworthy results characterize the attempts to adopt the third and most essential feature of the Nazi labor scheme. This is the remolding of the nation's labor force according to Nazi prescriptions into a single Labor Front and its industrial subsidiary, the Joint Self-Administration of Labor and Industry.

There are three reasons for the slowness in imposing this essential part of the Nazi labor scheme. The first is that the Reich has been and will be able to satisfy its own labor needs and those of the foreign enterprises working on German orders by measures tantamount to conscription or forced labor. So long as the Reich controls the sources and distribution of food, the subjugated laborer has no alternative except to work when and where ordered. But organizing the workers of conquered nations according to Nazi conceptions is a different matter. The traditions, training and education of the industrial workers of Western Europe run too strongly counter to Nazi conceptions. These workers are also more militant, or less docile, than their German confreres. The Nazis and their foreign henchmen cannot afford unduly to antagonize the entire labor force of Western Europe. Without quiescence, at least, on the part of this labor force, the New Europe would have to be organized as a prison camp. This would entail too many chores for the new masters and would hardly expedite their ever growing ambitions.

An equally important reason for the slowness of Nazi plans to organize the labor of subjugated lands according to their conceptions is the inadequacy of the puppet Nazi parties. The entire scheme of the German Labor Front and its industrial organ, the Joint Self-Administration of Labor and Industry, is based on the existence of a strong Nazi Party. It is true that the Nazi Party had only some 1,500,000 members when it assumed power in Germany in January, 1933. But the Nazis had polled 44 percent of the 40,000,000 votes cast in the 1932 elections, and had the important backing of the industrial, military and bureaucratic cliques of Germany. More important still, the Nazi Party and its methods were unknown and untried in 1933. The situation was the reverse of this after the German armies overran the greater part of Europe.

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The Nazi Party and its plan have to be imposed from above. That is inevitably a slow process, and there are not enough local Nazis to go around. For example, before the German invasion the total membership of the Nasjonal Samling, the Norwegian Nazi Party, was around 10,000. Even if one assumed an enormous increase in this membership since the invasion, the total number of Norwegian Nazis would still represent only a small fraction of the population. The relative strength of the staunch and "pure" local Nazi parties in other occupied lands is probably similar. Both the number and the trustworthiness of the local Nazis will have to increase considerably before the Reich authorities can create replicas of their Labor Front and its industrial organ, the Joint Self-Administration of Labor and Industry.

A uniformity of prices and wages throughout the New Order should not be taken to mean that remuneration and compensation are to be on an equalitarian basis. Pay and standards of living are to be graded according to the status of the various races of Europe in the immutable Nazi "blood hierarchy." The device for such grading exists in the *Sozialausgleichsabgabe*.

As the serfs of the Middle Ages paid a tenth of their produce as tithes, the *Hilfsvolk* of the New Order are forced to contribute one-seventh of their money earnings as *Sozialausgleichsabgabe*—the levy on the accident of birth.

THOMAS REVEILLE

Social Changes in England

War quickens a nation's pulse, deepens its sense of tribal unity and fosters a mood of generosity toward the less fortunate members of the community. With an intensified love for the land they are defending, men will sometimes sweep away with a quick gesture blemishes they would tolerate indefinitely in the slow days of peace. It would be a mistake, however, to look for any revolutionary changes in the structure of English society while the war lasts. Mr. Churchill is capable of generosity, but he is also a conservative who fights to preserve the traditions alike of his nation and his class. The Labor Party, when it joined his government under his watchword of "Survival," saw clearly that it must postpone its more fundamental demands. It is doubtful whether its tenure of several high offices has altered the nice balance of class power in England. Within limits difficult to define, labor can usually get its way or impose its veto, when it is determined to do so, because it has a keen sense of what is attainable within the present structure of society. So much, however, one might say of it, even when it is in opposition. It is doubtful whether the war will greatly alter the distribution of wealth between class and class. The heavy direct taxes are steeply graded, and there is relatively little profiteering, but the old division between owners and workers will persist with one predictable modification. The big development will be the speeding up of the slow process of consolidation in industry. The smaller, weaker and less efficient plants and companies, put out of action by the enforced reduction of consumption, are unlikely, in spite of promises, to revive as independent units when peace returns.

Within this solid and enduring framework, changes are, none the less, going on, and most of them are salutary. Women, by their cool courage under bombardment and their admirable work in all the auxiliary services, have won a new claim to respect and to equality of status. Life in the army is doing much and will do more, as the years go on, to break down the barriers of class. Every young man, whatever his origin or level of education, passes through the ranks. Men are selected on their merits, only after some service as privates, for training as officers. Life in camp is physically arduous and too often monotonous, but much is done to give the men not merely recreation but education also. Some regiments have developed tutorial courses and series of lectures which are in effect a popular university. In many units debates and discussions are fostered which often range with perfect freedom over political and social questions. The four million young men who pass through this training will not emerge from it as they went in. Some are thinking and reading; all are talking and learning to know as comrades men from other backgrounds, whom they would not have met in time of peace. This generation will be surer of itself than the last and it may evolve a corporate consciousness that will astonish us. In other directions also there are signs that class lines may become blurred. The great public schools, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and the rest, are passing through a financial crisis so grave that they had to come to Parliament for leave to draw on the capital of their endowments. This started a discussion that may one day bear fruit. There was a good deal of support for the proposal to turn them after the war into free colleges reserved for the elite of the nation's boyhood, chosen by merit without regard to property or class.

From this glance at tendencies let us turn to more conscious and deliberate changes. Knowing what he did, Mr. Churchill placed at the Ministry of Labor Mr. Bevin, himself in his early days an unskilled laborer and a brilliant organizer of the unskilled. I will not try to describe in detail how much he has done for the health and comfort of the workers in munitions plants by his care for their housing, transport, diet

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and recreation. Two lasting achievements stand to his credit. He began by fixing a national minimum wage of 48 shillings for agricultural workers. This is still a low figure, nominally only $12, but it contrasts with the former minima, about 32 shillings, which were fixed by the county authorities. It means a big net gain in income, for the rise in the cost of living could have been amply met by less than half this increase. Actually, with the low rents prevailing in English villages and with the vegetables raised in his own garden, the laborer is fairly well content with this relatively poor wage. The new figure meant an increase in comfort and self-respect which the rest of us have difficulty in grasping. It will in some measure achieve its purpose, which was to keep the land-workers content to carry on their all-important task of raising food for this threatened island. More recently Mr. Bevin has fixed a minimum wage of 82 shillings sixpence for the dockers, who also are carrying on, often in danger, a vital national service. This is, by English standards, a good wage for unskilled work. But the chief gain is that casual labor disappears; every registered docker draws at least this minimum weekly; he may earn a good deal more.

Other changes are to be noted in the elaborate English system of social insurance. The hated Means Test —which scrutinized the income of a man's family and household before he could receive support beyond the statutory period for benefit during a prolonged spell of unemployment—is not entirely swept away but it has lost its more unpopular features. The white-collar workers, women as well as men, who draw incomes between £250 and £420 ($1,000 and $1,680) are now brought within both Health and Unemployment Insurance. This is an immense boon to a rather helpless class which had never discovered how to protect itself by political pressure or industrial organization. About 400,000 persons are thus added to the 20,000,000 already insured. At the same time the weekly benefits of the unemployed were raised by three shillings, barely enough to cover the rise in the cost of living. Women gain by becoming eligible for an old-age pension at sixty instead of sixty-five, which still remains the qualifying age for men.

The good health this nation maintains, in spite of short rations and nervous strain, may be due in part to better provision of meals for schoolchildren. These are now universal in villages as well as towns and are spreading from the elementary to the higher schools. They give a good dinner at prices which range from six to twelve cents. Even more important are the measures taken to cheapen and popularize milk, which is in fact subsidized as bread also is. Mothers and children are entitled to buy a pint daily at less than half the commercial price (four cents instead of nine cents). More astonishing still, milk is supplied free to families whose incomes are below 40 shillings. Two and a half million persons have benefited. Is this why, in spite of the crowded shelters, England has escaped epidemics?

It may turn out that the biggest social change is that which the children evacuated *en masse* from London, Bristol and other bombed cities have experienced in the country. Most of them were billeted, usually two together, in the homes of the villagers, to whom the government paid from eight shillings sixpence to twelve shillings sixpence weekly; a minority were quartered with their teachers in big country houses commandeered for the purpose. Many were children from the slums who could hardly tell a robin from a sparrow or an oak from an elm. Today they revel in country lore and country games and are proud of the food they raise in the gardens assigned to them. They are losing their ugly cockney speech and their still uglier town-bred values. Fresh air, better food and the school doctor have done marvels for their health and growth. Many of the older boys want to turn farmer, and in some counties, notably Devon, the education authority has inaugurated a popular system of training and apprenticeship in agricultural work.

These are the trends today; how far can we forecast the future? I think the effort to raise the standard of life in the villages must be continued. Once a creditor, England is now a debtor nation, which will have to restrict its imports and raise more from its fertile but neglected areas. That means higher wages, better schools and cottages and less feudalism, if the drift to the towns is to be reversed. Second, I have hopes that a national system of family allowances (the payment by the state out of revenue of five or six shillings weekly to every mother of every child) may be adopted before the end of the war or soon after it. This plan has had advocates in all parties since the last war. Among them John Maynard Keynes is now prominent; the chief obstacle is the prejudice of many trade-union leaders. We are also promised a big effort to equalize and democratize our system of education.

Finally, Hitler has forced on us the necessity of rebuilding a good part of London and many of our ports. Shall we patch and tinker, or shall we erect new cities on a humaner and more rational plan? It is a good omen that Coventry, with a Labor majority on its City Council, has already adopted an architectural plan as bold and radical as it is pleasing to the eye. Several influential newspapers have called for a return to Sir Christopher Wren's original plan, with its garden, terraces and long vistas, when the stricken inner City of London is rebuilt. It is fortunate that the bombers, concentrating on the mean streets around the docks, destroyed chiefly much that had no right to survive. But when once we start rebuilding, we shall have to do it on a national scale. That Hitler ignored some inland slum is no reason why we should spare it. In these ways and some others a happier—albeit a poorer—England should emerge from this war.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

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For a Free World

ONE WEEK BEFORE HITLER'S invasion of Russia, the Conference for Democratic Victory met in Washington. It met to form in America a center of leadership to unify the present disconnected struggles for liberation and independence in Europe and the Far East, and to aid in the organization of anti-fascist activities in the areas occupied by Hitler.

Men and women from fifteen nations spoke at this conference. In its first session the International Free World Association was organized. Its honorary board is perhaps the strongest group of progressives throughout the world that has ever been formed. Organizing leaders include Sir Norman Angell, Dr. T. V. Soong, Count Sforza, Pierre Cot, Alvarez del Vayo, President Hambro of Norway and other outstanding anti-fascists. The Secretary of the Association is an exceptionally brilliant young Frenchman, Louis Dolivet; its basic structure in Europe and the Far East already exists in the International Peace Campaign.

Already the Association may be heard three times a week, broadcasting on short wave; encouraging the development of democratic ideas among the Chinese people; describing to the Italian people the gains of the New Deal; proving to the German people, by the speeches of their own leaders, that Germany cannot be victorious in a two-front war; and adding that the destruction of Germany is not our aim. On August 15 the first issue of the Association's monthly magazine, Free World, will be published. It will outline the political strategy of the democracies in wartime and provide a discussion of war aims. A Spanish edition will appear in Montevideo, a Chinese edition in Chungking; shorter editions in many languages will find their way back into Europe.

On that continent the tasks of the Free World Association are clear: they are to organize and to aid the underground movement; to supply pamphlets, weapons, funds; to give information about the progress of the war; to organize down to the smallest cells and to provide correlation among these cells throughout Europe; to give to the peoples of the occupied areas a sense of initiative, of progress, of hope in the democracies; to bring to the people of Germany itself the assurance and the confidence that they need to undertake a movement that will give meaning to all the doubt, the fear, the sense of loss, the hunger, that are growing every day among Hitler's supporters and will finally break his power. Some of these functions may be assumed by the Allied Governments in the V campaign, but the ability of the British Government and the British Intelligence to organize resistance is strictly limited as to the loyalty which can be commanded.

In China the Association will work with the 1,500,000 active members of the International Peace Campaign whose posters, appearing throughout China, call upon the soldiers to understand that their war of independence is part of a worldwide democratic struggle. In Latin America, Lazaro Cardenas, Haya de la Torre and other progressives will take an active part in the program of exposing fascist activities which has already been undertaken in Uruguay by Dr. Artucio.

Even in the last year, despite the overwhelming superiority of Nazi arms, and the deep divisions among progressive forces, resistance to Hitler in the occupied areas has grown steadily and has taken forms of such astonishing strength that the Nazis have been powerless to suppress it. With the resistance of the Soviet armies an entirely new opportunity has arisen. The way has been cleared for action in France by the removal of all but two German divisions for service on the Eastern Front. With the reduction of the German garrisons, Norway, Spain, unoccupied France and North and West Africa are crying out for invasion. Even if troops are not diverted from the Eastern Front by an invasion attempt, a widespread movement of resistance in Europe can force the Nazis to take many divisions from the fighting line for police work.

Equally important, the failure of the German armies in Russia and the tremendous losses which they are suffering may mean that the turning point of the war has passed. For the first time since the opening stages of the war in China and Spain, Hitler has been placed not only on the defensive but perhaps well on the way to retreat. The total absence of expressed war aims by the Allies which could be understood in the past, can now no longer be suffered with safety. The promise of a just and lasting peace is not only a moral imperative but a great military weapon to inspire men to acts of defiance of the Nazis for which they risk torture and death. In the Free World Association a mechanism has for the first time been created through which the promise of the future which we can offer may fill the minds of all men and women.

For our part so far in the struggle against fascism, we in America have just about earned a place at the next peace conference—scrubbing the floors. Yet, despite the hypocrisy of our foreign policy and the meagerness of our aid, we are still the greatest single source of hope that exists for all peoples. We above all nations can play a crucial part not only in the military struggle against Hitler's armies but in the moral struggle against Hitlerian principles. The Free World Association is looking to America for decisive support of its program. We must accept the leadership that should be ours in the fight for a free world.

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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What Has Happened at Greenbelt?

In 1935 the New Deal reached out ahead of its time and built the Greenbelt towns. At the start these communities were called both models of the town of tomorrow and a waste of the taxpayer's money. But friend and foe alike had to lean heavily on theory for their arguments. Greenbelt communities had never been built before.

Today, the oldest of the towns, Greenbelt, Maryland, has been fully occupied for nearly three years. How has the experiment worked out? Is town planning proving practical? And what about the Greenbelt families? Have they developed a community spirit? Or has the whole thing gone stale and sour and proved to be just another real-estate development?

Even after years of observation, it's not easy to answer these questions. A community is a complex thing. Take the case of the Greenbelt birth rate, for example. Everywhere you go in Greenbelt you see babies and pregnant mothers. Many people have thought that, single-handed, the town was trying to reverse the trend of the nation's birth rate.

Last winter when a pair of careful statisticians made a survey they found the Greenbelt birth rate was 35 per 1,000 inhabitants, or about twice that of the nation. This was somewhat lower than many had supposed, but the shock came when the statisticians took account of the relative youth of the Greenbelt mothers and weighted their figures accordingly. The result was an adjusted Greenbelt birth rate of 15.5, slightly lower than the nation's 17.5.

The statisticians, however, hadn't changed many minds about Greenbelt's producing capacity before their theories were denied. Shrewd observers pointed out that the families at the time they entered the town were as large as the average family in the United States. Thus any increase at all is extraordinary.

Material Greenbelt. – So long as you deal with the material side of Greenbelt an appraisal is fairly easy to make. Comparisons are close at hand and easy to see. The neighboring towns are filled with families on the Greenbelt income level. There are two paved roads through these towns to Greenbelt. Along both, poorly built suburban homes lie fairly close together, a few feet from the street. Only bits of sidewalk exist. The people who live there, with acres of undeveloped land behind their houses, walk, and frequently play, in the street.

Greenbelt, by comparison, is bound to impress even the most calloused soul. Arranged in five superblocks, its 885 dwellings face each other across broad green lawns. The houses are set back from the street and are reached only by a service driveway that runs near the kitchen door. The town reflects sound planning from every angle. There are playgrounds for small children in the center of the huge blocks, close under windows where mothers can keep an eye on their youngsters and still go on with their housework. When housewives go shopping, sidewalks lead them through the middle of the blocks and under main roads out of the way of traffic. In the shopping center neighbors meet and gossip in a plaza filled with shrubs and broad benches. Men, women and children share a huge athletic field containing everything from tennis courts to swimming pool. The school's gymnasium-auditorium serves also as town meeting hall and church.

Can this part of Greenbelt be still further improved? Not a great deal. Here are typical criticisms, none of which points to major errors in planning or construction.

Costs, as always, come first. Rentals that the moderate-income families who live there can afford to pay could never amortize the original cost of the town. This was understood and expected from the start, for Greenbelt was built with relief labor and emphasis was placed on providing work for unemployed men. Some critics have refused to recognize this, however, and have called Greenbelt impractical because of its cost.

The best answer to this complaint is taking shape at the present. The government is building 1,000 homes in the town for defense workers and continuing all of the basic Greenbelt ideas. The houses will be the same size and shape and will be arranged in superblocks. The contract for the first 152 of these new homes has been let for $3,500 per unit, utilities included. Even with the cost of the Greenbelt land—about $100 an acre—added, this is a price that the average Greenbelt rental of $30 a month could amortize in twenty years with interest and carrying charges.

The loudest complaint from the families who live in the town is the difficulty of commuting. Both bus and street cars have to be used to make a trip to Washington; sometimes two transfers are necessary, and the best possible time is an hour. A weekly pass costs $2.

No real fault has been found with Greenbelt's houses. On the whole they are excellent, modern constructions requiring a minimum of maintenance. The superblock arrangement of dwellings, that symbol of all that Greenbelt stands for in town planning, also stands untarnished. Architect O. Kline Fulmer last summer published a study showing that a superblock cost $200 less per unit for utilities than a conventional gridiron-patterned block of the same size. And the government's satisfaction with the whole Greenbelt plan is reflected in the 1,000 new homes now under construction. Every feature of the original town is being retained.

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The influence of Greenbelt, moreover, has been widespread. Thousands of interested people from all over the world have visited the community. It has been the theme of a documentary film. Basic elements of the Greenbelt plan are appearing in housing developments in all parts of the country.

Greenbelt People.—But Greenbelt is more than a neat terrain and a well planned arrangement of cinder blocks, bricks and concrete. Greenbelt was planned to encourage its citizens toward a complete civic, social and educational life. How has this phase developed?

Editorial writers have often declared that Greenbelt people are regimented. This is not true. From the start the government made it clear that it encouraged organized efforts and group action. Meeting places and recreational areas were provided, but the rest was left to the residents.

A journalistic hubbub arose during the early days about the regulations established by the management. That no one was allowed to keep a dog or cat, or hang washing out after four o'clock, attracted great attention. Both of these regulations are in effect at many private housing developments, and a poll showed residents overwhelmingly in favor of the "no dog" rule.

Greenbelt families do as they please. Because they have somewhat the same incomes, and because the town is new and has no social stratification of long standing, these families have exceptional social freedom. What's more, no local politician, no banker, broker or any of the vested interests controls affairs in this town.

Cliques have grown up in Greenbelt, but they are based on common human interests. Athletics binds some families together, civic interests others, but there are no hard-and-fast lines. Some take part in a dozen activities; others pay no attention to community life.

At the start there was a great deal of enthusiasm in Greenbelt. A town council was elected. A journalistic club was created to publish the town paper. More than thirty organizations rapidly came to life—a citizens' association, a group-health association, a credit union and clubs of all sorts. Softball teams were organized in every block. A community church representing several Protestant faiths, and Hebrew, Catholic and Mormon congregations were formed. Soon it was necessary to reserve a meeting room weeks in advance.

During the last year or so the early pace has slackened. There is no longer an important meeting held nearly every night. And for perfectly natural reasons. Families came to Greenbelt, saw the first real chance they had ever had to express themselves, and overdid it a bit. The zeal of the first year has also died down because its immediate goal has been reached: organizations have been formed to serve nearly every need.

Community life in the town has entered a second and somewhat more efficient stage—one of struggling with routine management problems and spreading responsibility. The job now is to find a new set of goals, to revive the old group and to stimulate new leaders.

No one feels this more sharply than the coöperative organizations. Greenbelt Consumer Services, the cooperative formed to operate the village stores, now has a membership of more than half the families in the town. It is running at a profit, paid a patronage dividend last year and is amortizing its debt ahead of schedule. But the interest of the members has lessened. From the start the same nucleus has been carrying on vigorous campaigns to prove the value of coöperation. "Better Buyer" clubs and a coöperative milk-buying group are results of these efforts. If membership interest had kept growing at its early pace there would be a new group today ready and able to carry on the work. Enthusiasm, however, has not spread so fast. The first crisis of organization has passed, the early leaders are exhausted, and new impetus is needed.

At the core of this problem of sustaining interest is the fact that the majority of Greenbelt families do not look upon Greenbelt as their home. Many still hope, after three years in the model community, to have places of their own. In some this feeling is rooted in pride—where they come from, everybody of importance owns a home. Others confuse home-ownership with security.

The fact that they are government workers and subject to transfer has also kept a large number from settling down in Greenbelt. Most of the 15-percent turnover in the town's population has been due to government transfers. In addition, like most young government workers, these families have not yet pulled their roots out of the communities they were reared in.

Rising incomes have further discouraged the adoption of Greenbelt as a permanent home. The maximum income for families entering the town is $2,200, and the government has said that temporarily a 25-percent increase above the maximum will be allowed. But what about permanent policy? Will success at the office penalize Greenbelt families by forcing them to leave?

Some of them say no. At the present time a group of about forty of those immediately threatened by growing incomes have formed a home-building cooperative, and are arranging to lease undeveloped land at Greenbelt for a ninety-nine-year period, obtain FHA financing and build Greenbelt homes of their own.

With this unstable basis it sometimes seems surprising that Greenbelt has had any effect on its families at all. But it has. The least the town has done is to give natural leaders a chance to use their ability. The most it has done is to plant for the first time in the minds of many men and women a knowledge of the strength of democratic action. Education in Greenbelt is constant, if slow. Even today the town has more active organizations than ordinary villages. No one can brush daily against the flow of their ideas without being affected.

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Greenbelt has its troubles, but if progress is to be made in group action, in understanding of our fellow men and in all those joint efforts that give a town, and a nation, power—Greenbelt points the way. Very few families, if they had the chance, would make any radical changes in the town. Like all imaginative people, each one can think of something he'd like to have different. An apartment kitchen separated from the living room. Wooden floors. Shower baths. More interest in coöperatives and local governmental problems.

But Greenbelt families are proud of their houses, lawns and parks. And they would fight if anyone attempted to take away their organizations and their right to organize.

PHILIP S. BROWN

American Traits

In some of Allston's American notes, he deals with international comparisons. I have already given a few of these. Here are two more:

Wool-gathering is the great American intellectual vice, stewing and day-dreaming for lack of direction. Few of us get under way before we are middle-aged. In Europe there is more of the tradition of command, and of self-command as both a cause and effect of this.

It is largely to the aristocratic tradition that Englishmen and Frenchmen owe their superior sense of being entitled to their own souls. Aristocracies have kept open the right of way for all the rebels and artists. It is because we have no recognized aristocracy, to maintain this pattern of personal freedom, that we so seldom feel we are justified in breaking paths of our own.

Allston did not regret that we had no aristocratic tradition. He felt it was wholly contrary to the American genius, and it had proved too costly in other respects. But he felt that its absence encouraged certain American weaknesses, to one of which he refers in the following note. As we had no recognized aristocracy, everyone could claim to possess it. In this, as in other matters, "the lid" was "off." Was not the desire for social prestige almost the leading trait of Americans? Who did not wish to be one of "these distinguished people"—if one was to believe the advertisers? Thus he says:

How deeply ingrained in the American mind is the desire for social prestige! One sees it, amusingly enough, in the life of Mrs. Eddy. Her devout biographer, Sibyl Wilbur, is less at pains, one would almost say, to prove Mrs. Eddy's piety than her good breeding, her taste in dress, the quality of her rustic antecedents, her misfortune in having been dragooned into marriage with a "flamboyant" dentist, her obligation to desert the "narrow-minded artisans" who had been her first disciples when she began to form her clientele in the higher circles of Boston.

Then we have Dr. Buchman, who is always talking of "moral rearmament," and who remarked not long ago, "Thank God for Hitler!" His specialty is to seek for "key people" of social position. The Savior's key people, when they were not fishermen, were publicans and sinners; and something like this has been the case with almost all the true religious cults. Is not Buchmanism the first religious cult that has ever made social prestige its bid for approval?

In regard to Buchmanism and Mrs. Eddy, I find this further note: "In all the realms of the pseudo, the improperly grounded, the money-motive plays a large part. This is true in the pseudo-artistic realm as well as in the pseudo-religious realm." Referring to Dr. Buchman's "key people," I find this copy of a letter to a Buchmanite friend: "I seem to disagree with you as regards the importance of all such people, the importance of their activities, the kind of education they stand for, the institutions they found, etc. I am disillusioned with a business world, both in action and in reaction, in its way of getting sick and getting well—and these big bouncing bustling ignorant boys belong, to my thinking, to the Stone Age. But then I don't believe in activism and vitalism. I think they are wrecking the world, both without and within. I should like to see the world alive in the intellect and spirit and dead to all the things these people stand for." More or less in connection with this, he quotes from Francis Parkman's "Vassall Morton":

"You're a victim of the national disease, Rosny," said Chester. "Rising in the world!—that's the idea that ruins us. It's that that makes us lean, starveling, nervous, restless, dyspeptic, hypochondriac—the most prosperous and most uncomfortable people on earth. Sit down, man, and take of our ease. What garden will thrive if every plant in it must be dug up every day, and set out in a better place?"

Not unrelated to this is the following:

For years I was unable to interest myself in American history because of certain phrases that blocked my path. Whenever I opened Rhodes, for instance, I encountered one of these phrases that stood like sullen watchdogs at the gate of the subject. "The resumption of specie payment" was one such phrase. What it means I know, but I did not know it in the days when I knew nothing of history, and I know that I shall not know it again in the misty days before I die. It is not that I have not *resumed*, or do not know what *specie* is, still less that I do not know the meaning of *payment*. But the effort to associate these meanings is too much for my mind. So it was when my life began, so it will be when I am old, and now that I am a man I do resent it. I do not wish to know too much about the "resumption of specie payment"; and I used to resent this phrase and the part it played in every account of the age that preceded my own. Why this repetition of emphasis? And why did I resent it? Because of what it seemed to symbolize. It made me feel

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that money-questions dominated American history, and I was in revolt against money-questions and the undue place they held in the national mind. It was largely for this reason that I could not enter American history, and I think this explains the indifference of many others.

These paragraphs deal with other American traits:

When I was in England, at the sanitarium, and we used to cut down trees—or cut them up—I always by preference used an axe when all the Englishmen used saws. The doctor, observing this, remarked that all his American patients had always used axes, even when the saw was more effective, and he asked me why it was. It is more than a hundred years—as I am surprised to find, thinking it over—since any of my forbears has really lived in the country. It is certainly much more than a hundred years since any of them used an axe, as a means of livelihood, or in the building of a homestead, or for any essential purpose. And yet is this not plainly a case of inherited aptitude? Every American of the old stock has a pioneer backwoodsman somewhere near the base of his family tree; and I was amused by a passage in de Tocqueville's travel-diary (recently discovered): "The country-dwelling Americans spend half their lives cutting trees, and their children learn at an early age to use the axe against the trees, their enemies." We Americans are axmen by instinct. We all have a Leatherstocking under our skins. We even invented the axe.

Thinking over the difference between the Civil War and the First World War, as also between the North and the South, I compare Charles Francis Adams and Walter Page as ambassadors to England. Adams was the statesman; Page was not. What do I mean by this, and what was the reason? Adams was the public man by instinct, the impersonal spokesman of his country. Page was always the private man, swayed by his personal feelings, as modern men are apt to be and as Southern men are apt to be. (Of course, the old Southerners were quite different, and for a very good reason. They were statesmen in grain, even more than the Northerners were.) Imagine Adams governed by an affection for Lord John Russell, as Page was governed by his affection for Sir Edward Grey! And yet undoubtedly Adams knew Russell far better than Page knew Grey.

The Tough New England Strain. – I predict that on the last day of this planet, when the sun hangs cold in the sky, only two men will be left to face it. One will be a Chinaman, and if you ask the other he will say, "Oh yes, I was born in Cohasset."

The American Voice. – The American voice of legend is rapidly changing for the better. Yet there are still enough voices to justify Howells' question, "Who can defend the American accent, which is not so much an accent as a whiffle, a snuffle, a twang?"

In the presence of an ugly voice, all my Christian feelings instantly vanish. I am willing to believe that a person with an ugly voice may have intellect and all the virtues, but I have to struggle with myself to maintain my composure when I am confronted with such a voice.

Yet there are worse voices than ugly voices. Who was it said that, at the University of Chicago, they teach all kinds of voices, as a regular part of the curriculum? You choose the sort of accent you wish to have and emerge with an Oxford voice or a Harvard voice or any other voice that takes your fancy. No doubt, the provocation for this is great, and I well understand the desire to escape from the shocking flatness of most of our voices; but, to me, the synthetic voice is far worse. I prefer the worst voice in its native state to the mellifluous notes of the radio announcers. How sorry is the voice that is a simulacrum only. One runs at the sound of such a farce. The curse of our civilization is the assumption of these external effects, with no sharing of their underlying causes. Let us have voices of character, even if the character is undeveloped, until the developing cause produces the developed effect.

Newcomers in this country, of the second generation, often acquire a plastered-on English voice. This is natural. A real American voice cannot be acquired. It has to be *lived into*, and this takes time. But it is easy to acquire an English voice, not of the natural type but of the mask type —the so-called Oxford whinny, etc.—which always has an element of the ventriloquistic. One learns it as one learns golf or tennis.

As for the real American voice, what poetry it is capable of! I have heard President Lowell utter the words "Civil War" so that they sounded like a ballad.

Here are two notes suggested by country living:

On my afternoon walks in winter, I always receive the same impression from the effect of the sunlight on the farmhouse windowpanes. It is the winter light of four or five o'clock, and it produces in me an indefinable sense of desolation—like the whistle of the railway trains in wide empty spaces of seacoast or prairie. I am stricken at once with a lonely feeling, as if I were abandoned in the void between the worlds. Byron must have had this feeling when he wrote some of the passages in "Cain" and "Manfred." Charles Burchfield catches this effect of light on the windowpanes of the forsaken houses in so many of his water-colors.

I find a word that describes this sensation, under the same conditions, in one of the old Vermont ballads:

> Till when length he reached the cabin,
> Black and desolate it stood;
> Cold the hearth and windows *ralist*
> In their stillest solitude.

This word, with its indescribable associations, reminds me of the Polish word "*zal*," of which Liszt makes so much in his life of Chopin.

R. B. was telling me of an Indian footpath he used to see as a boy, along the Delaware River, near Trenton. It was clearly marked, although hidden by the underbrush, and the local woodsmen who showed him where to find it had traced this path miles northward until it joined the old Mohawk trail. Nothing catches more at one's imagination than these ancient paths, which are apparently never obliterated—like the path round Walden Pond in Concord, "worn by the feet of Indian hunters," as Thoreau says. In Concord, there is another path, along the ridge by the Boston road, which Hawthorne wore with his feet, during his last brooding years, 1860-64, and which was still clearly marked three years ago. Prescott wore a similar path at Lynn, where he had a summer villa. There was a cherry tree beside the house, and he plodded round and round this tree for hours

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every day. He could not, in his blindness, venture further, and the shade of the cherry tree protected his eyes. The traces of this path remained for years.

There was a path like this in our garden in California, which had not been used for a hundred years. It was worn by the Franciscan monks of the mission, and was said to have led to a spring. In England, at various times, I have seen the traces of two disused Roman roads, one from Shooter's Hill, the other from one of the Sussex downs. They were invisible on the plain, even if one happened to walk along them, but easily seen from above, although they were covered with waving grain. Or am I mistaken in thinking that the Sussex road was a Roman road? It may have been the one that Kipling speaks of:

> See you the dimpled track that runs
> All hollow through the wheat?
> O that was where they hauled the guns
> That smote King Philip's fleet.

However it may have been, Elizabethan or Roman, the plow, during all these hundreds of years, had stirred only the earth on the surface. The subsoil had remained so packed by the traffic of those far-off days that the grain in the ruts still grew in a different fashion from the surrounding grain. Mary Austin told me it was the same way with the pioneer trails over the Western deserts, that a road, once beaten, however long disused, was never quite blotted out.

Let me end this article with a few notes on well known Americans whose paths Allston crossed at various times. Some of these are Harvard memories:

President Eliot had a personal grandeur that one might fail to find the equal of in a long life passed in a dozen countries. It was a grandeur of bearing, voice and presence which, in its perfect simplicity, explained why republican Rome felt that it was better than the empire. But he was practical, O how practical. The only words of his that I remember from the only speech of his that I remember—his address to the freshman class when I was in college—are the words "serviceable fellowship," which I think he meant us to regard as the great prize and object of college life. These words shocked me at the time, and it was because they shocked me that I recall them; for it had never occurred to me that "fellowship" could be "serviceable," far less that one should make it so. The phrase has stuck in my mind, for thirty years, as a strange sort of fishbone to have been inserted there by a great master of learning.

I saw Theodore Roosevelt once or twice. He came to a tea at the Advocate sanctum when I was in college. It was my first experience of animal magnetism raised to the proportions of the jungle, for one could feel his presence approaching down the corridor, before he came in sight, "like echoes whispering where great armies be." Another guest was there, the English author, W. H. Mallock, who had written "The New Republic." Roosevelt, hearing his name, grasped his hand; and then, although the meeting was quite impromptu, he poured forth a flood of comment on Mallock's views and books, every one of which he seemed to have read. It was like Niagara falling on a fern. The little old man was stunned with confusion and pleasure. Since then, I have never had a doubt that Roosevelt, whatever else he was, was a portent, if not a man of genius.

I saw Mark Twain in his coffin, the only time I ever saw him. I was walking up Fifth Avenue one April day in 1910 and saw a great crowd gathered about the Brick Church. I asked someone what it was, and he said "Mark Twain's funeral"; and I crossed the street and went into the church. The funeral was over, and most of the people had gone out, so I climbed up to the gallery and went to the front; and there, just below, lay the open coffin, with the old man's white hair spread abroad and his shoulders in the famous white flannels.

Allston had no love of pragmatism, but regarding William James he said, "I am drawn to his personality as helplessly as a filing to a magnet." He regretted that he had never heard any of James's lectures:

To think that I was such a puppy as to go through Harvard College without once hearing—or seeing—William James. And then, one day, in New York—it must have been in 1909—I met him face to face in Twenty-third Street. I can see the spot now, at the southeast corner of Madison Square. His face rose out of the crowd hurrying beside him, shining with goodness and wisdom, just as I had seen it in the pictures, with the pepper-and-salt Norfolk jacket and all. I have always believed in William James's face, knowing that he must have been right at bottom.

Such "meetings" as these are all but spectral. Scarcely more tangible are the human encounters suggested by the paragraphs that follow:

How much a simple phrase, rightly remembered, can mean! My dear old friend in England, S. E., went to school with a son of Matthew Arnold and visited the Arnolds on one of his vacations. He remembered how the great man entered the room, and, lifting his left hand, waved it in the direction of the awe-struck boys, saying, in a sweetly deprecating sing-song voice, "You may sit down." As much of Arnold lingers in the phrase as there was of conduct in his theory of life, not that I disagree with the theory of conduct.

There also comes back to me a phrase uttered by Charles Eliot Norton on one of his "Dante evenings" at Shady Hill, perhaps when the sherry was being passed, with the little silver basket of caraway cakes. It was to the effect that the picture of heaven in the Book of Revelation—with its excess of precious stones—was such as might have been conceived "by a New York woman." What a phrase was that for expressing how Boston and Cambridge felt about the gaudy New York splendors that had vulgarized their beloved Newport.

Still a third phrase comes back, in a reminiscence of my childhood. It evokes a house of the eighteen-sixties, of which I used to hear much, where Horace Greeley was lunching on one of his political journeys. "You can be fixing me some" was the phrase, in reply to a question of his hostess, whether he would have a little salad—uttered no doubt with one of his hands in the butter and his honest pumpkin face shining over all.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

This is the final article in the series, "Opinions of Oliver Allston." – THE EDITORS

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Washington Notes

Fuzzy-Wuzzy and Mr. Wheeler

SENATOR BURTON K. WHEELER of Montana is not guilty of subversive activity bordering on treason after all. Everyone concerned now agrees to that. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson has apologized for bringing it up in the first place. Wheeler has paid himself high tribute as a martyr to the cause of peace and has intimated that he might submit to a Peace Party draft for President in 1944. The Senate has held a Wheeler testimonial session.

Many touching tributes were paid the Senator from Montana at this session but none surpassed Senator Hiram Johnson's unless it was Senator Ellison D. Smith's. Johnson endowed Brother Wheeler with the virtues of Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the first-class fighting man who broke the British square, and worked up to this peroration: "Every man in this body should be proud of you, as I am proud of you, and every man of us should say, 'Hurrah for Wheeler!'" For all its editorial restraint, the Congressional Record was forced to report "manifestations of applause in the gallery" at this point. Following Johnson, Smith pointed out that when a boy is sent to war "it breaks the heart of his mother." His message seemed to be that mother love and Wheeler are similar and salutary political forces.

Every so often the Senate of the United States behaves like a college fraternity specializing in high school orators. The debate on Wheeler's point of personal privilege was one of these occasions. Wheeler's colleagues insisted, most of them in flossy speeches, that he was justified in permitting the America First Committee to send out more than 1,000,000 cards under his frank, postage free, attacking the President's foreign policy and suggesting mail protests to the White House. Stimson's objection was that the cards had been mailed to selectees when he found that the committee used a commercial mailing list composed principally of civilian addresses. No one, including Stimson, has ever questioned Wheeler's right to call the President a warmonger bent on plowing under every fourth American boy so long as he stopped short of fomenting insurrection in the armed forces. The President himself challenged Wheeler's statements but not his right to make them.

But the Senate can never resist an opportunity to uphold the right of free speech for its own members and, by inference, to deny it to every one else, particularly administration officials. A cabinet officer who has the temerity to attack a Senator is invariably subjected to all manner of abuse on the floor of the Senate, where members enjoy immunity from prosecution for slander or libel. In fact, some members guard their prerogatives with such intemperance that the Senate's prestige has suffered perceptibly.

One of these prerogatives, and an important one, is the franking privilege. The law provides merely that members of Congress may send "free through the mails, and under their frank, any mail matter to any government official or any person, correspondence, not exceeding 4 ounces in weight, upon official or departmental business." Another section specifically forbids "any person entitled under the law to use a frank to lend said frank or permit its use by any committee, organization, or association, or permit its use by any person for the benefit or use of any such committee, organization, or association." Obviously, this limitation on the use of the frank was intended to prevent precisely the use Wheeler and the America First Committee had made of it. Yet when Senator Alben Barkley tactfully suggested that Wheeler might have misused the franking privilege, he was climbed on from all sides of the chamber by members protesting that nobody ever paid any attention to this law, including the Republican and Democratic national committees and Senator Barkley himself.

The Senate's pretensions, institutional and individual, too often will not bear comparison with performance. Wheeler's is becoming a nauseating case in point. Wheeler and his friends would lead us to believe that he has been a white-plumed knight beset by persecuting dragons ever since he entered public life. The facts are that he has long since made his peace with the Anaconda Copper Company and other reactionary interests in his state; that Montana radio stations closely controlled by his friends were closed to Walter Winchell because he was too friendly to the administration shortly before Wheeler did his free-speech crying act in the Senate; that John Erickson recently was fired from a minor political job by Wheeler's political ally, Republican Governor Sam Ford of Montana, because Erickson publicly supported the Roosevelt foreign policy; that Wheeler was represented in newspaper advertisements as a friend and supporter of President Roosevelt in the Senator's last campaign for reëlection; that he has become an isolationist only since President Roosevelt started plugging for aid to Britain.

Both Wheeler's friends and enemies in the Senate understand him thoroughly. They know him as a clever but superficial legislator and debater, a constitutional sorehead of the John L. Lewis stripe and a Roosevelt hater who outhates even the Tom Girdler variety. They also know that, besides his dislike for the President, his principal motivation comes from a burning ambition to occupy the White House himself. Yet, when he is attacked by an outsider, the Senate forms a British square for his defense and anybody who tries to break it is a Fuzzy-Wuzzy, but not a good Fuzzy-Wuzzy like Kipling's and Johnson's.

The United Automobile Workers' convention in Buffalo will provide the embattled factionalists of the C.I.O. with their first good chance to fight out issues raised by Germany's attack on Russia, the President's defense policies and the wide-open split between John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman. Lewis has been invited to speak and may make his long-awaited full-dress speech on foreign affairs. Hillman has not been invited . . . Lewis refused to answer a question about his attitude toward aid to Britain when he testified against the St. Lawrence Waterway project before a Senate committee. His opposition was based on the traditional reactionary argument against technological advance—that electrical power will displace hand labor in the mines by cutting into the coal market. He used power-trust figures to decorate his testimony.

Washington T. R. B.

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The Sober Truth

As a picture, "The Stars Look Down" has already had an uneasy time. It was made in England and finished at least a year and a half ago. But it concerned mining problems; it was dark in mood and slow in pace; and its owner, MGM, didn't know what to do with it. But now with the rival and similar "How Green Was My Valley" actually in work they couldn't sit on their hands forever, so a campaign was started—"the stars look up to 'The Stars Look Down,'" the stars being such deepwater critics as Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer and other MGM properties, and their opinion being that here was Art, but a whole museum. Then the film was opened in New York City, the Criterion Theatre bowing and saying, Honored, Overwhelmed, in the ads, as it had little choice but do, poor chick, being on what is known as the wastebasket circuit and used to limping along with the screams and gunshots of a double bill without the feature.

It was a tough film to exploit, but I can't help feeling that matters are only made worse when people supposed to know their business make such an obvious business of saying, "Whoo, whoo, we've got the jitters, haven't you?" It is called a critics' picture and everybody says *uh*-oh, including the critics, and exhibitors all over the country book the film into the nearest competitor's house in their prayers. The thing is to act like nothing has happened, especially if your money-loser has the luck to be a good picture, for in this trade there are more sheep than wolves. And now look. Even in the 1,600-seat Criterion, "The Stars Look Down" actually grossed $13,000 against the $10,000 of a regular-campaign feature on a concurrent first week in MGM's own showcase up the street, the higher-scale, 4,500-seat Capitol. Exploitation, they call it; movie-wise, they say. Give a good dog a bad name and call a turkey "Juarez"; I don't get it.

"The Stars Look down" is a solid piece of work, and it was not an easy picture to make. Its story is so plain and its scope for play of character so narrow that to achieve the final all-carrying sweep of such a theme and its forces realized in art, it would have taken some mastery in film technique beyond story, and the detail work around this character or that—something like the massed effects in intricate motion of Pudovkin or the sustained tension of a crowding and oppressive darkness you can still experience in Pabst's "Kameradschaft." One of the fighting Welsh miners has a son who comes back from school to take his place among the men after he has been jailed and the strike crippled. The strike is a local affair, brought against an owner who is working a murderous condemned shaft, and the local agitators do not have the support of their union.

There is a local smooth chap who works with the owner and any local young women not nailed down; there is a local young woman who wheedles the boy into leaving the university for her. She is the one who nearly destroys him, for she is no better than willful bitch enough to tangle him up with the smooth chap (he had been there before) at a time when the union still had time to avert the cave-in, which is the climax of the picture, its tragedy, but also its justification of the good fight and therefore note of hope.

A few people from the rich and poor of the neighborhood come into the story as far as the edge. Otherwise it is this triangle affair widened out by selfishness on one side and high aspiration on the other to the rising question of miners' lives and poor rewards. It is done soberly and with exact detail; its settings are somber and fine; it is even more unrelieved than it needs be in its steadfast progression. But its outcome is at once so inevitable but simple, tragic but forever in arriving, that a dramatic tension has been lost and with it a certain dramatic meaning.

Still, it is an enduring sort of piece, and this effect is made possible by the easy realism of home life and speech in writing and direction, the good forthright work of the cast. Carol Reed proved more by it than that he is a good director, for it is good in quite different ways than his others; J. B. Williams took the script from A. J. Cronin's adaptation of his novel. Michael Redgrave is the young man, Margaret Lockwood the girl, Emlyn Williams the smooth number, and there are a lot of others filling in with craggy speech and faces, Nancy Price, Cecil Parker, Milton Rosmer, Edward Rigby. The picture, in fact, would not have been what it is with another cast, for its sense of vitality, of the thing being so because it happened, of trouble being real and always close behind, travels on their shoulders. Except for a trick or two and the bloody rumpus of angels at the end, it is a picture you can sit through with profit and without squirming—and should therefore rally round.

The pictures that Rey Scott took during his travels in China under the war make a certain illustration of both today's headlines and tomorrow's hope. They have been put together under the title "Ku Kan." Scott started in South China, went over the Burma road to Chungking, and went on north from there to the boundary provinces, almost to Tibet. He went by truck, by pony, by plane, by boat. He covered a staggering amount of territory and he also covered the activities of China in her fight to keep men provisioned and equipped in the field, to keep roads open, to rebuild bombed cities, repatriate orphans. He got thousands of faces, hundreds of varied landscapes; in many cases he brought back the inaccessible and seldom seen.

The picture is not set up as a travelogue, however. It comes to a designed climax in the photographed bombing of Chungking, but otherwise is intended to be more inspirational, a tribute to China's democracy, than anything else. Granted the hazards under which it was taken, it is a pretty poor technical job even for a home movie. You can leave out of it the unsteady and often dim camera work and the color, which is simply atrocious, but you can't give it a grade of any kind for its choice of key situation, its overfootage of self-conscious grinning faces, its constant failure to complete the action and thus the meaning, its heavy repetition and heavier Mr. Scott, cavorting. The amateur's look-at-me-I'm-taking-your-picture robs the people shown of the natural dignity of their life; there are long stretches of the dull unnecessary. Mr. Scott brings back a record of importance. But I submit that it is of equal importance for those who have something to say to pay some heed to the art of saying it. Various credits for continuity and editing are sprinkled around, but the credit titles are as far as any traces of the shaping process go. The thing is so vivid in material that it is more of a shame than usual its possibilities were just never realized in a picture way.

OTIS FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

The common run of people in Germany stay strangely detached, as though they were indifferent spectators of this war, which will control their destiny and the destiny of unborn German generations. When the British sky raiders stayed until the early morning hours, I heard Germans say: "They must get going now, the light will be coming and they will get shot down." They said this with sincere solicitude. – *Former Ambassador to Belgium John Cudahy in The New York Times.*

The [Bermuda] Assembly has rejected daylight-saving time because it believed it would be cruel to animals.

Farmers said daylight-saving time would deprive their animals of an hour's sleep each night because, not knowing man was playing with the clock, they'd go to sleep at the same time. The Assembly then defeated the proposal, 25 to 6. – *UP dispatch from Bermuda in The Chicago Daily News.*

[Governor] O'Daniel said his veto of the sabotage bill was based on conscientious objection to the death penalty and because research had shown such property damage could be punished under twenty-one state statutes and eleven federal laws.

"As a safeguard, however," he continued, "and in order to show my appreciation of the motives of the Texas Senators who sponsored the bill . . . I intend to carry a copy of the bill with me to Washington, and introduce it in the United States Senate, changed only to the extent of providing a penalty more severe than the death sentence." – *AP dispatch from Austin in The Houston Chronicle.*

Careful!

The Russians charged that the Germans are preparing to employ poison gas, and submitted lengthy alleged documents allegedly seized from Germans in support of the allegation. – *UP dispatch in The Pittsburgh Press.*

In Union There Is Stench

Formation of a new type of national labor union was announced today by Marvin G. Teutsch of Oakland.

It would ban picketing, outlaw the secondary boycott, chop initiation fees to $10, keep dues under $2 a year and use district managers instead of business agents to negotiate blanket contracts covering all crafts. – *From The Santa Cruz, California, Morning Sentinel.*

Seeing Crimson

Since the Loeb Classical Library [in London] belongs to Harvard University, it is literally true that Harvard has been bombed by the Nazis. Whether the bombs have fallen on Harvard property in London or Harvard property in Cambridge is merely a matter of geography. The point is that with bombs actually falling on Harvard and damaging it to the tune of a quarter of a million dollars, we cannot talk about isolation. – *From a letter to the editor in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Case of Mr. Ickes

SIR: In the June 23, 1941, issue of The New Republic, Mr. Leonard Boudin reviewed Professor Alpheus Thomas Mason's "Bureaucracy Convicts Itself." Profesor Mason's book deals with the famous Ballinger-Pinchot affair, which, as I have pointed out elsewhere, was an unscrupulous political conspiracy on the part of Gifford Pinchot. Professor Mason's book is an attempted refutation of my charges. Your reviewer entered into the controversy by the simple process of reading Professor Mason, accepting every word of his, and concluding, in effect, that I did not have a leg to stand on.

I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Boudin simply does not know what it is all about. He may have read my article in The Saturday Evening Post (May 25, 1940) because he refers to it, but I doubt very much whether he understood it. Moreover, there is no indication that he read my much more complete booklet, "Not Guilty: An Official Inquiry into the Charges Made by Glavis and Pinchot Against Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, 1909-1911" (U. S. Government Printing Office, 1940), in which I have reviewed the whole case in great detail. If he had, he would not have jumped to the conclusions that he did in his review.

You must admit that it is unfair, on the basis of one book—and a partisan, superficial book at that—to state dogmatic conclusions about a case that is so complicated that the official congressional hearings relating to it fill thirteen bulky volumes. Those thirteen heavy tomes cover 7,600 pages, and those 7,600 pages add up to about 4,000,000 words. It took me, together with a number of trained people on my staff, months of intensive work to go through that case. And yet Mr. Boudin writes about it with the omniscience and cool assurance of a lifelong expert on the Ballinger-Pinchot case.

As a matter of fact, even Professor Mason, who took the trouble to write a whole book about the affair, did not take the trouble to use all the available sources, as I pointed out in my criticism of his work in The Yale Law Journal (May, 1941). Professor Mason neglected the available Agriculture files in the National Archives; he did not use the Taft papers in the Library of Congress; he ignored the Ballinger papers in the Department of the Interior, even though my Department would have been happy to put them at his disposal.

I cannot waste time taking up Mr. Boudin's unsupported statements, since, as I have said, they are based entirely on what Professor Mason asserted; and what Professor Mason asserted is largely either propaganda or special pleading.

Let me illustrate:

On pages 65, 83 and 182, Professor Mason displays an amazing prejudice when he ridicules Ballinger, as Secretary of the Interior, for refusing to pass upon cases in which he had been involved as a lawyer. Such conduct on the part of Ballinger was strictly honest and strictly ethical; nevertheless, it evokes nothing but a smear from the Professor who sets out with the fixed intention to prove Ballinger a villain.

The Mason book is not an honest analysis; it does not even pretend to be impartial. The whole tone is one of attack upon the victim and defense of the villain. When Gifford Pinchot, for example, under cross-examination, was caught lying, Profes-

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sor Mason excuses it as merely "impulsive enthusiasm" (p. 74). But Ballinger is always guilty, even though never a shred of evidence is presented anywhere. In fact, in one place (p. 94) the Professor makes the reluctant admission that the whole attack on Ballinger was based upon a "somewhat nebulous charge."

The Mason book is full of this sort of thing and I need not weary the readers of The New Republic with a reiteration of its half-truths, deviousness and diluted apologies. However, I do want to point out that the cause of honesty and of liberalism is ill served when an injustice is perpetuated. Thirty years ago Ballinger, an innocent victim (regardless of his political ideas, which were emphatically not my political ideas), was driven from office by unscrupulous conspirators. I have tried to do simple justice to an innocent man, because I believe that truth and justice are more important than saving reputations.

Mr. Boudin slyly imputes possible bias to me because I have advocated a transfer of the Forest Service to Interior, while overlooking entirely the motive of self-interest that Pinchot had in trying to destroy Interior along with Ballinger.

To your reviewer, Mr. Boudin, I would say that it is rarely wise, in an important case, to rely solely upon the unsupported word of one partisan man.

HAROLD L. ICKES,
Washington, D. C. Secretary of the Interior

SIR: Mr. Ickes' complaints, so far as these relate to my book or to myself, seem based on his assumption and assertion that the entire Ballinger affair was but "an unscrupulous political conspiracy on the part of Gifford Pinchot." In view of the participants in the controversy and the public interest excited thereby, this generalization refutes itself. The Secretary's indictment of my research is based on his determined misunderstanding of my purpose.

The Secretary is entirely in error in presuming that I set out with any "fixed intention" whatsoever. There certainly was no purpose of refuting his "charges" against Mr. Pinchot. I am naturally not concerned either to refute or support any such charges. The book's purpose, as the most casual reader must observe, is of broader gauge. My research was, in fact, completed and the manuscript largely in final form some time before Secretary Ickes' Saturday Evening Post article appeared. Such attention as is given to the Secretary's views is, therefore, mainly incidental, frequently reduced to a footnote and intended but to supply his more obvious omissions or correct some of his misstatements of fact.

Mr. Ickes charges further that I neglected essential sources. What are the facts?

As Mr. Ickes well knows, the Ballinger affair was thoroughly investigated over a period of several months by a joint congressional investigating committee. All the papers of the Department of the Interior and of the Forestry Service in the Department of Agriculture were available to the committee in so far as Ballinger and the others involved saw fit to submit them. And they were of course expected to turn over everything essential to the investigation. Additional papers as requested were supplied on the committee's own initiative or as demanded, with the committee's approval, by counsel. Material favorable to Ballinger was of course freely presented. Certain other relevant documents, notably the Lawler memorandum (which Mr. Ickes passes lightly over) were not so freely submitted. Indeed, it took all the wit, persistence and detective genius of Brandeis himself to pry even the most essential documents from the obstinately reluctant Ballinger, Wickersham, Taft, *et al.* To have examined papers available to the investigating committee, and included in its elaborate record, would have been mere supererogation. Some minor evidence that nothing essential was overlooked by my alleged "neglect" may be gleaned from Mr. Ickes' own writings on the subject. One searches vainly therein for anything of significance from the "neglected" sources he mentions. The Taft papers were not examined for the simple reason that the Ballinger affair was fully and sympathetically considered by Henry F. Pringle, who made full use of these papers in his authorized biography of Taft. Again, nothing of importance from this neglected source is turned up by Mr. Ickes.

As stated in my bibliographical note (p. 211), I relied chiefly on those "thirteen heavy tomes" to which Secretary Ickes himself so weightily refers. There is no little support for the charge that neither he nor his "trained" staff examined this all-important material with any due diligence. Had they done so, the two very impressive minority reports (pp. 179-80) might well have been taken into account, or at least mentioned. Also, closer examination of the voluminous record amassed by the congressional investigating committee would not, I think, have permitted Mr. Ickes to credit himself with having introduced in 1933 the salutary order "providing that no former member of the staff could practise before the department until the lapse of two years after his resignation or separation." He, or his "trained" staff, would have found that a similar rule was officially in existence in 1901 and was in fact invoked against Ballinger himself (pp. 56-57). Presumably, Mr. Ickes relies altogether on the politically partisan majority report, but apparently even this was not scrutinized with any sufficient care or else he could not have averred that said report exonerated Ballinger "completely," "absolutely and unequivocally" (p. 178, *ff.*). Several similar oversights are incidentally noted throughout my book.

Though Secretary Ickes has now devoted thousands of words (see also his four closely printed pages in The Yale Law Journal for May, 1941) to criticizing and denouncing my rather small book, he has yet to come to grips even on the incidental points to which exception was taken in his Saturday Evening Post article last year. His method of attack is the easy and now familiar one of calling names.

The exchange of roles here represented is amusing and curious. In these perilous times, a busy Secretary of Interior abandons innumerable affairs of state to turn historian, to plunge himself into the bewildering and now largely forgotten Ballinger affair. A university professor turns "partisan," engages, as Secretary Ickes alleges, in "propaganda or special pleading," becomes "dishonest" in order to support "unscrupulous conspirators" whom the academician had never met until his book was in press. One wonders why Secretary Ickes takes valuable time to make so elaborate a case. Might not a "partisan, superficial" treatment, so lacking in "honest analysis" that it "does not even pretend to be impartial," be presumed to be its own best answer?

ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON
Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

SIR: A study of Professor Mason's book and Secretary Ickes' article convinced me that the former had made out a better case. I am still of that view since, unfortunately, Mr. Ickes has added no facts in his letter which can affect that conclusion. When he does, I shall not hesitate to express my agreement with him in these columns. As for the accusation of bias, that was Mason's contribution, not mine, a fact clearly stated in the review.

New York City LEONARD BOUDIN

Mr. Ickes' letter was submitted to another individual in a position to be conversant with the controversy, who makes the following comment:

"If there was a corrupt conspiracy to slander an innocent man, then Louis D. Brandeis, than whom no more high-minded individual lives in the United States; George W. Norris, the most respected man in either House of Congress; Henry L.

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Stimson, who has served once as Secretary of State and twice as Secretary of War; George Wharton Pepper, formerly United States Senator and still one of the leading laymen of the Episcopal Church; and many others of similar standing were also conspirators and shared with Pinchot the guilt Ickes alleges.

"Ickes himself was vigorously for Pinchot and against Ballinger. He says so himself. And he continued to be vigorously for Pinchot until Pinchot interfered with his desire to rob the Agriculture Department of the Forest Service, transfer it to the Interior Department, and get the control of it into his own hands.

"With a thoroughness seldom equaled, the people of the United States were informed of the facts during the investigation by a press predominantly, if not overwhelmingly, favorable to Ballinger. The investigating committee reported for Ballinger seven to five. Nevertheless the general verdict was so vigorously anti-Ballinger and pro-Pinchot that Ballinger was forced to resign.

"Ickes keeps repeating that no charge of corruption was ever made against Ballinger. True enough. The charge was not corruption, but unfaithfulness in protecting the public property. That charge was proved to the hilt. When Ickes defends Ballinger, he necessarily adopts and approves Ballinger's standards. We might think a little about that.

"Since the days when Theodore Roosevelt was President, Ickes had been Pinchot's close personal friend. He even sent out thousands of letters over his own signature, in March, 1932, urging Pinchot for President. What made him change?"

Economic Warfare

SIR: I wish to congratulate you for publishing the brilliant articles by Michael Straight on American economic policy. It is rare to find such perspicacity of judgment and lucidity of representation. I have just arrived in this country from England, where I had a good deal of acquaintance with British industry, and I can fully confirm Straight's analysis. First, with regard to price control, the British found they could not keep the control by fixing some prices here and some there; they find now that they must control *all* prices in order to avoid inflation. Second, industrial control in the hands of vested interests does not tend to bring about maximum production. Third, inessential industries must not be curtailed piecemeal, for otherwise output is not concentrated in the most efficient units. Since the beginning of the war there has been much improvement in English economic policy, brought about mainly by more coherent decisions and less compromise. Straight's timely warnings are confirmed by British experience.

Boston, Mass. ERNEST B. DALE

Orwell's England

SIR: I think it important that your readers should be reminded that George Orwell, in his article "English Writing in Total War" (The New Republic, July 14), is expressing only his own opinions. From what facts they are deduced, or on what philosophy based, I am unable to discover. However, his *obiter dicta* on the British political situation and on the reactions of the British people to the situation must be contradicted.

He states that "there has been a big output of political books . . . more definitely 'left' and far more honest than the Left Book Club publications." I do not know Orwell's test of "leftness," or of honesty, but I do know that a great many thinking people in England attribute to the wide influence of Left Book Club publications the British people's understanding of the nature of fascism and their willingness to face death and mutilation rather than accept Nazi domination.

What does Orwell mean by the English intelligentsia? Does he mean parlor Bolsheviks or does he mean intellectuals? If the latter, Stalin never was their idol and, as far as I know their writings and their speeches, they never did "snigger at patriotism." I might instance the writings of two of your contributors —H. N. Brailsford and Julian Huxley—surely intellectuals, and neither sniggerers nor idolators. Personally it has not yet been my unhappy experience to hear anyone in left-wing literary circles say that "this war is entirely meaningless." When you look at our cities only a Trotskyist could manage that.

When Orwell talks of a "war against fascism, waged by reactionaries" it makes me smile. This war is waged by everybody in England whether they like it or not—socialists and reactionaries, coöperators and monopolists—yes, and defeatists too. The "necessary political changes" are taking place every week. Orwell himself admits that the English are moving toward state socialism or state capitalism. Being faced with that alternative should be enough to give any thinking person a "sense of purpose and continuity" right now if they are interested in the outcome.

Prout's Neck, Me. DOROTHY ARCHIBALD

Poet's Corner

SIR: Bravo for Randall Jarrell's piece on poetry criticism today [The New Republic, July 21]. How shall the sense of song outride the hard lean horses of commercialism, which snort into the stable of our day and hour with an arrogance and finality that outbray the jackass in the allotted corner?

Well, how? Obviously by ridding us of the beasts that bear down upon us should we dare the years and the empty stomach and abandon the half-truth for the truth in time (assuming we are capable of seeing the latter).

Here's to poetry, our first-born.

New York City CHARLES A. WAGNER

SIR: Randall Jarrell's very reasonable remarks about the poor rewards of critics of poetry overlook the worse rewards of poets. Shall we not be in even a worse pickle if the critics have nothing to criticize but their criticism?

Berkeley, Calif. HERMAN SINGER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Martin Wolfson of Woodridge, New York, believes American post-war demobilization will not be the "step-by-step process" of the pre-war mobilization, and suggests that we begin "laying the necessary plans for this period of reconstruction that will assure us that things will move quickly, efficiently and for the very best in resettling the house for peace."

The recently organized Housatonic Valley Conference at Falls Village, Connecticut, will hold its first open conference on American affairs August 7-15. More than forty celebrated writers, editors, planners and teachers will discuss education, medicine, religion, city and regional planning, science and psychology, international politics and inter-American cultural relations.

H. Page of New York City takes exception to our editorial "Will Hitler Defeat LaGuardia?" (The New Republic, July 21). Writing in behalf of "the reputable individuals unfortunate enough to believe they can serve New York City better than Mr. LaGuardia," Mr. Page claims our attack on Edward J. Flynn represents the "deterioration of our intellectual life under the fascist assault."

A Southern reader sends us a cartoon from The Nashville Tennessean which pictures a dunce cap labeled "Talmadge Intolerance" atop the Georgia state capitol. Our correspondent adds that "this is another indication that general Southern opinion of Governor Talmadge" agrees with The New Republic's editorial of July 21.

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The Status of the Novel

WHEN ONE TRIES TO DEFINE the difference between the position of the novelist fifty or a hundred years ago and his position today one finds that, though subtle and far-reaching, it can be put in simple terms. To the novelist fifty or a hundred years ago life obediently fell into the mold of a story; to the novelist today it refuses to do so; and that, probably, is the main cause of the countless experiments in form which have marked the history of the novel for the past two decades. This recalcitrancy of the subject matter is not absolute; the novelist still manages to tell a story: "Mrs. Dalloway" is a story, "Ulysses" is a story. But they are stories without endings, and the generically modern novel is a story without an ending. The novelist finds that at the beginning his theme molds itself obediently enough into a story, and the impetus of the beginning carries him along for a time; but then the impetus weakens, and when it has weakened to vanishing point the story has to stop, for it has no fixed destination. The modern novel is like a sentence that sets out confidently; the grammatical construction is ingenious; we admire the writer's skill in insinuating explanatory and qualifying clauses and all sorts of parentheses; but the sentence is never finished, and part of it remains hanging in the air; the object, probably.

This is another way of saying that the modern novelist has an imaginative grasp of origins but not of ends. There was a time when the novelist (and the poet and everybody) had an imaginative grasp of both. To have this is a mark of that whole order of thought and imagination which we call classical. Our own order is not in that sense a classical order; we have a grasp of origins but not of ends; our existence, like our works, is an unfinished sentence. And the novel describing the life we live is a symptom of the order in which we live; its incompleteness is a reflection of the incompleteness of a whole system of thought and belief.

This is the kind of obvious truth that in a time of specialization like our own is likely to be overlooked. We look upon the novel as one thing and the order out of which it springs as another. We do not make this mistake when we think of the eighteenth-century novel; for when we read Fielding or Sterne, we are vividly conscious of the general body of sentiment, belief and thought that went into their work, vividly conscious of the order of the eighteenth century. This is because, standing outside the eighteenth century, we can see it as a whole. But we cannot stand outside our own century, for we are part of it, and so the contemporary novel is a special and technical problem to us, one among many other problems. Nevertheless there is no fundamental and specific problem of the novel; there is only a problem created by the lack of a normal order in which existence would have unity and meaning: what we call the problem of the novel is an effect of our failure to achieve that order.

Before going farther it would be best to show by examples what I mean by stories with and without endings:

> Joseph remains blest with his Fanny, whom he doats on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and, what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement, nor will he be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

> I lingered round them [the graves], under that benign sky: watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

> She ran forward, always forward, into a faint streak of light. The darkness unfolded before her. There was joy in the running and with every step she took she achieved a new sense of escape. A delicious notion came into her mind. As she ran she thought the light under her feet became more distinct. It was, she thought, as though the darkness had grown afraid of her presence and sprang aside, out of her path. There was a sensation of boldness. She had herself become something that within itself contained light. She was a creator of light. At her approach darkness grew afraid and fled away into the distance. When that thought came she found herself able to run without stopping to rest and half wished she might run on forever, through the land, through towns and cities, driving darkness away with her presence.

> Quickly, as if she were recalled by something over there, she turned to her canvas. There it was—her picture. Yes, with all its greens and blues, its lines running up and across, its attempt at something. It would be hung in the attics, she thought; it would be destroyed. But what did that matter? she asked herself, taking up her brush again. She looked at the steps; they were empty; she looked at her canvas; it was blurred. With a sudden intensity, as if she saw it clear for a second, she drew a line there, in the center. It was done; it was finished. Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had a vision.

These four passages, in their order, are the last paragraphs of "Joseph Andrews," "Wuthering Heights," Sherwood Anderson's "Out of Nowhere into Nothing" and Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse." The distinguishing mark of the first two is that they clearly bring something to a close. The end of "Joseph Andrews," though it leaves the hero still a young man, is quite definitive. "Wuthering Heights" ends in a mood of exquisite reverie; Heathcliff and Catherine are in their graves, the drama is over, there is nothing more to say. But after reading the last words of Sherwood Anderson and Virginia Woolf we feel that there is still something to say, something of the greatest importance. Sherwood Anderson's Rosalind has an illumination; Virginia Woolf's Lily Briscoe has a vision. But it is a momentary and fortuitous illumination, a fleeting and solitary vision; and after it is over one can feel darkness closing down again; a darkness in which the characters are left suspended as before. The concluding paragraphs of "Joseph Andrews" and "Wuthering Heights" are the last words of a complete conception of human life; the concluding paragraphs of the other two stories are the last words of an unfinished conception of human life. Something should have followed them; what that something is we do not know, because we live by an unfinished conception of human life, exist in a circle which is not closed. Such endings at best help to cloak the fact that the circle is incomplete; they are expressions of a hope of completion, a desperate and at bottom disingenuous hope, and so, compared with the definition and finality of the first two endings, sentimental. Virginia Woolf or Sherwood Anderson is not to blame for this. Endings of the same kind can be found in the work of other modern novelists such as D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce.

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"Sons and Lovers" ends with Paul striding back toward the lights of the town with resolutely clenched fists; "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" ends with Stephen's solemn proclamation of his creed as a writer. Fifty or a hundred years ago a novelist would have stopped to ask: What next? What will happen when Paul is back in the town and has to unclench his fists? What will happen in five or ten years' time to Stephen's creed as a writer? But our imagination stops short at a certain point and cannot go farther, because we live in a world whose conception of existence has not been worked out.

A story without an ending, then, is the story of a mode of existence whose inner logic has not been worked out, a mode of existence that stops short of meaning. The vision or the illumination with which modern novels so often finish is an acknowledgment that our existence remains short of meaning; an attempt to stop up a void with a personal and semi-mystical hope. An existence that remains short of meaning cannot be turned into a complete story with a beginning and an end. A story with a false or inconclusive end is bad art. If this argument is true, there is only one conclusion that can be drawn from it: that a comprehensively worked-out, all-embracing and generally accepted conception of human life produces good imaginative art, and that a tentative, unfinished and partially accepted conception of life produces bad imaginative art. In an age in which such a conception prevails the subject matter of the artist will not mold itself into symmetrical form; every picture or image of human existence will have the mark of organic imperfection, as it has in our age.

Is there any universal mark by which we can recognize a conception of human life that is complete, all-embracing and in a high sense normal to mankind? Here, not having space to elaborate a long argument, I must fall back upon my personal conviction, which is that all such conceptions postulate a transcendental reality and work out man's relation to that reality, and that human life must always stop short of meaning if we seek its meaning exclusively within itself. To seek its meaning within itself is to seek its meaning in time; the conception of life that prevails today is a conception of life purely in time: the characteristically modern sense is the historical sense. The contemporary novel is a story of time against a background of time. The traditional novel is a story of time against a background of eternity. By this I do not mean that writers like Fielding or Jane Austen were religious, or that when describing Tom Jones or Elizabeth Bennet they were concerned with eternal truths. All I mean is that they lived in an order in which everybody possessed without thinking about it very much the feeling for a permanence above earthly permanence; in which they believed that the ceaseless flux of human existence passed against an unchangeable background ruled by immutable values which they called God or Eternity or the Absolute. They felt—they did not merely believe—that there was a relation between the short existence of man and that unchangeable world; and this sentiment, in whatever terms it was expressed, was the final earnest of the completeness of their conception of life, showing that it embraced everything, God and man, eternity and time, the universe and humanity.

To return again to the novel: it may be argued that without this background of eternity there can be no whole picture of time. Seen against eternity, the life of man is a complete story. Seen against time, it is an unfinished one, a part of endless change, a fleeting picture painted on an unstable substance. This feeling for eternity may have no immediate connection with the conviction that the soul is immortal. I do not use the word in a strictly religious sense but merely to designate a certain mode of thinking and feeling which has prevailed during the known past history of European civilization and now has weakened so much that it prevails effectually no longer. That mode of thinking and feeling was auspicious to imaginative literature; and, though we can regard it now without seeing it as religious in a strict sense, it was the creation of religion. If that is so, then imaginative literature, if not the child, is at least the grandchild or great-grandchild of religion. Had religion, with its immediate intuition of eternity, not been, literature, with its indirect postulation of eternity, could not have been. It may be that during its early stages the decay of religion encourages the production of imaginative literature, and that the one thrives for a time at the expense of the other; but the complete decay of the religious sense would bring with it the atrophy of the creative imagination, which needs eternity as a formal working hypothesis. It may be also (if one can put any reliance on contemporary theorists who think in terms of thousands of years, future years) that poetical and imaginative production is merely a passing human activity, an activity made possible by certain historical conditions and fated to disappear when those conditions are changed. This is a theory which is often advanced and which was bound to be advanced in an age that prides itself so much as ours on its possession of the historical sense. It is the complement of another theory: that we are witnessing in our time the final liquidation of religion, and that in a few centuries the religious sense itself will have vanished. If that is so, it would be easy to believe that poetry and imagination in all their forms will vanish too. But the question is whether the religious sense can ever vanish. If it cannot, then neither can poetry and the various other forms of imaginative art.

This argument has carried me far beyond my immediate subject, which is the inconclusiveness of the modern novel and the reasons for its inconclusiveness. But it is not irrelevant. If the theories I have mentioned are true, if imaginative literature is a passing phase in human history, if—to come to a concrete example—the novel is finished and "Ulysses" was its gravestone, if the victory of science is bound to make the imagination an obsolete faculty—then the modern novel is what it should be in its time and place. But if all this is untrue, if imagination is a normal faculty of man, if the religious sense is equally natural to him, if science can destroy nothing that is innate in him but only enlighten his ignorance—then the modern novel is merely an involuntary and honorable deviation from the norm, a deviation caused by exceptional conditions, the needs of a period of transition. The experiments it has attempted will change the novel in some ways, just as a period of transition changes the accepted order in some ways. These experiments will therefore prove some time to have been fully justified.

But the norm of human existence remains. There are certain conceptions and beliefs that are natural to man, that satisfy his mind and heart better than any alternative ones, and without which he cannot live for long. The mark of

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such conceptions is their completeness: they close the circle. In a state of irremediable imperfection, such as man's, the circle can be closed only by calling on something beyond man: by postulating a transcendental reality. So the belief in eternity is natural to man. And all the arts, all the forms of literature, since they depend on that belief, are equally natural to man. When that belief partially fails, imagination suffers an eclipse, and art becomes a problem instead of a function. If that belief were to fail completely and for good, it is possible that it would mean the end of all imaginative literature and art. But it is inconceivable that it should fail, for it is native to man.

EDWIN MUIR

Books in Review

No Lebensraum in Europe

IF GERMANY NEEDS *Lebensraum*, as Hitler and his followers have so often complained, the conquest of Europe will not supply it. In the quest for access to the riches of the earth, indeed, that victory merely makes matters worse. This is the simple but rather surprising truth which emerges from this plain statistical study[1] made by Miss Lewis under the auspices of the Brookings Institution.

It is well known that Europe has had to import about 60 percent of its petroleum. The conquest of Rumania added to the Nazis' supply only as much as would fill the normal consumption of the United States for less than two weeks. From Russia, western Europe imported about one-thirtieth of its oil needs. But if the whole output of Irak and Iran were obtained, Europe might fare about as well as before Hitler ever marched into Poland.

Nazified Europe would not be so fortunate in its diet if it had to depend on its own resources. It not only would have no such luxuries as coffee and chocolate, but it would suffer a scarcity of cereals, and a disastrous shortage of fats. Consumption of vegetable oils would be cut in half, and it could not get nearly enough feed for its dairy cattle.

Europe's great textile industries would be almost wiped out by lack of wool, cotton, silk and jute. Wood-fiber products might be substituted, but it would take a long time to step up their production sufficiently. There would not be enough leather. The only rubber would be made synthetically from coal, which is none too plentiful for present uses.

Nazi Europe could not, without imports from remote corners of the world, make any new machinery or machine tools. It has plenty of iron ore and a great steel capacity, but it cannot supply the minerals necessary for alloys or for bearings. It would have no asbestos for brake linings, no mica for spark plugs, inadequate copper for electrical instruments. Aluminum might replace copper, but how could the power to smelt enough of it be obtained?

Considering the necessity for imports as a whole, the territory which Hitler has added to his empire adds more to the deficiency than to the supply. Things would scarcely be better if North Africa and other non-German Mediterranean regions were added also.

Nazi Europe would face economic difficulty in buying enough materials abroad, even if the producers were eager to sell. This is a point often overlooked in discussing Hitler's trading power after the war. Europe's net imports of food and raw materials have been far greater than its net export of manufactures. The trade deficit was $1,300,000,000 in 1937. The old Germany occupied the contrary situation; it had a small export balance in the same year.

Europe's trade deficit was compensated by "invisible" exports—tourist receipts, immigrants' remittances, earnings from shipping and insurance, dividend and interest payments. Occasional borrowing plus, in recent years, gold shipments, have eked out enough to balance the account. A Hitlerized totalitarian continent would scarcely be able to improve its position in these respects. Floods of tourists would hardly be attracted by the arts and sciences of the Nazis, or by the gayety of conquered cities. Such immigrants as were permitted to leave and were acceptable to us would not wish to send much back. We might interfere with dividend and interest payments, or refuse to lend.

Miss Lewis' study is based on the trade that existed in 1929 and 1937. It is sometimes argued that unification of Europe, with some districts specialized in industry and others in raw materials, would, under the German genius for organization, greatly increase production. Manufacture and internal commerce might, it is true, be better organized, but it is hard to see how much more food could be grown, or how tropical products could be obtained from a temperate climate, or how any increase in manufacture could be fed with minerals that are not to be found in the European earth. And *ersatz* has its limitations. Germany would not fare very well even if she tried to maintain her own standard of living at the expense of the vanquished.

Perhaps this situation explains the assault on the Soviet Union. Yet that storehouse of natural resources does not contain by any means all the kinds of riches necessary. And to organize in it enough production to supply a great increase of exports would take many years. Adding Britain would help, since Europe's largest trade, both of imports and exports, has been with the British Isles. Even so, much would be lacking. Out of Europe's world total of imports, estimated in 1937 at $5,091,700,000, $1,884,000,000 came directly from the Western Hemisphere. Another $1,143,900,000 were derived from Asia and Oceania, and $812,500,000 from Africa. Its exports were distributed in much the same order, though in different quantities. Thus, a Nazi empire which included all Europe and obtained as much from Britain and Russia as in 1937 would still have to seek 75 percent of its external trade in the rest of the world.

All this has a bearing on the ultimate effectiveness of the British blockade. Germany can, by impoverishment and strict rationing of civilians, and by use of accumulated stores, supply a total war machine for a while, but not for ever. It has been said that Hitler, having conquered Europe, can afford to sit there and defy his enemies to do their worst.

[1] Nazi Europe and World Trade, by Cleona Lewis. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 200 pages. $2.

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That is not true. Even with the utmost ruin to the subject peoples, he is probably less well able to do so than if he had stayed within the confines of the old Germany.

We may therefore expect, however the Russian campaign results, a peace offer. The Nazis must have a truce at almost any cost before too long, if their war potential is to be sustained. Several years of active trading might restock their larders and their warehouses. Then they could go on to seek more *Lebensraum*. For in the sense of economic self-sufficiency within one political domain, *Lebensraum* is not to be found, either for Germany, or for a Germanized Europe, without conquest of the world.

GEORGE SOULE

W P and A

Men Working, by John Faulkner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 300 pages. $2.50.

THANK GOD for a Southern writer who genuinely loves the people he is writing about! It is the chief factor in making this first book a good one; also it seems to set up limits for the author beyond which he doesn't try to go. The story runs without strain, and has an intrinsic worth as well. The result is a product of certainty and maturity.

"Men Working" concerns itself with the impact of "the WP and A" on the impoverished tenant farmer. In particular, with the vast, unnumbered Taylor family which migrates to the city in order to get at a wage of $26 a month (still better than farming), and picks up with seven other equally large families. They all settle themselves, like benign locusts, on the city. The WPA hires them, lays them off, hires them again; they pay their rent and they don't pay their rent; they buy radios and cars, the instalments on which they can't meet; their water is never turned on; they defecate in the back yard—and they are always hopeful. The neighbors never sleep, the city complains, the mayor despairs—and the WP and A is God.

Paw Taylor never really knows exactly how many people are living with him:

> "Is this all?" the renting agent asked Paw.
> "Yes, sir," said Paw. "I believe that just about winds hit up."
> "I hope so," said the man. "How many of you are there?"
> "About seven families not counting my daughter and her husband and their baby."
> "I mean how many people are there?"
> "Well now," said Paw. "You know we ain't never tooken the trouble to count up."

There are interesting and curious people, members of the Taylor family, but it is impossible to go into them here. The novel consists of two elements: a comic one and a pathetic one. The former is immensely successful, the latter fails to get into the dimension of living. Perhaps this is because of a total lack of drama and because the people are nailed down to a purely physiological and vegetable plane. Perhaps that, too, is the reason for the freshness and lucidity of the book's comic side. It is unusually witty and warm, not unlike Silone's "Fontamara," where a sly sort of humor results from a genuine love for the naïveté of the peasants. The author is the younger brother of William Faulkner.

HARVEY BREIT

Just Before the Battle Books

SINCE MAY OF 1940 the English Royal Air Force has become a central factor in the destiny of the world, and it is only natural that books should be popping out on the subject. The soundest stuff is found in the routine logs of flight officers and in government reports: since this is not supposed to be "writing," it does not as such flop and fumble. The best writing on the subject is still the statement of Winston Churchill: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Keith Ayling's "RAF" (Henry Holt, $2.50) is a punk book no matter whether the theme is timely, noble, or whatever. It is the experience of a flying officer "as told to" the author, written up in a fictional diary. The slang of the British upper classes seems a curiously lifeless affair, a school tie in itself, and when doggedly hammered into every situation to give it "realism," it can be pretty dreadful. Brekker and bit of a show and blast Jerry; "awfully sore at getting pipped," and "when a chap gets gonged [decorated] he really feels a bit unhappy about it," and so on. Service men everywhere talk a language of their own, but men who get the actual work out anywhere just don't do it with this self-conscious air of a few damns at a sorority tea. Keith Ayling was a flier himself in the other war and knows enough about present aviation to cover the subject. He knows better, in fact, but he doesn't write better, and so his overtones of persiflage in the mess, thoughts of girls and mother and duty never bring his airmen to life.

Some of the air war reporters have got books out. Charles Gardner was in France as radio reporter and his "First Blood for the RAF" (David McKay, $2.50) is an account of his time there, part of it coming directly from his diary. Both press and radio had trouble getting stuff through, especially stuff about "winged knights of the air." But there was the demand for heroes and the press found ways of supplying them in spite of the censor, who was in the middle. Ivor Halstead's "Wings of Victory" (Dutton, $2.50) is a general account of the battle on several air fronts, with the usual particulars of incident and personal accounts. Both books, I should say, make good dip-reading but emphasize color at the expense of thoroughness.

Of the correspondents, Ronald Walker has done the most comprehensive job. His little Penguin Special, "Flight to Victory" (25 cents), covers the various branches of the service, where they came from, what they are for and how they have operated; he has about as much of the whole picture as you can get, and actual accounts in illustration as well. For those who want individual color, collateral reading for this could be "The Airmen Speak" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which is simply a collection of seventy-five talks as given over the BBC by air officers and men, covering every phase of operations. Most of these have the stamp of the stiff and prepared radio script on them. But in facts they are authentic, and their general tone is casual—the job which was to be done, and what happened in the doing or failure. It makes a great action book.

But the best book of knowledge, page for page, is the Air Ministry's official report, "The Battle of Britain" (Doubleday, Doran, 25 cents). It has not only photographs but charts, plane designs, graphs of maneuver and control.

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It quotes from pilots' logs and it analyzes the three main phases of German air attack, together with British counter-strategy. It is the only book in which figures are readily found; and somehow the enthusiasm of correspondents must always seem a little Rover Boy alongside such a direct and measured statement as "Here they encountered an inferior number of the enemy and did terrible execution." "The Battle of Britain" only covers the days of August 8 to October 31, 1940. But it is the only book which can serve as a model for the whole story when the whole story is to be told. (The whole story, incidentally, will have to include subjects which not one of these books whispers a word about: those charges brought openly in Parliament of inefficiency and greed behind the lines even in this great crisis; those whispers, still covert, of "Now that the heat has turned eastward, where is the full-sized retaliation?")

There are two more. One is John Llewelyn Rhys's "England Is My Village" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2), a book of stories published after the flier's death. Here you may learn the difference between the flier as he is seen by third-rate imaginations and as he sees himself. There are only ten stories, some of them really little more than sketches, but they cover pretty well what the man goes through in training and general flying, routine patrol and actual combat; what he thinks about when he thinks about anything, taking off or coming in safe and weary; what the men around him mean, and women. Actually, only the title story and perhaps three others manage to stand by themselves as fiction; but his few characters are realized and their mettle is clear, and he might have run the title on his book: These Are the Young Men over England.

From the other side of the picture, only one book, and that an unexpected pure chance: Gottfried Leske's diary and letters, edited by Curt Riess: "I Was a Nazi Flier" (Dial Press, $2.50). If the German propaganda machine were diabolically subtle and absurdly dull in just the right mixture, I should suspect this of being a plant. It is a picture of the war that the English books, if not their figures, simply do not suggest. It was smuggled abroad after the flier's capture, and it shows him serenely bombing English objectives like clockwork for months: if two Spitfires invariably scatter four to fifteen Messerschmitts he never saw or guessed it.

Sergeant Leske is an ordinary sort of fellow with a little of the speculative. Standing as God made him, he is no more a lout than your average sergeant or boatswain's mate anywhere; and if his contradictions and muddy categoricals are funny—he has a mastery of howlers—just remember that he is a soldier in the first place and that there are millions like him, all colors. He is the type of basically unquestioning man all parties develop for their heavy work, from Tammany to the Kremlin, and if you think he's peculiar to Germany, pray God the draft doesn't get you. The average sergeant doesn't write, but oh boy. But more than signing himself a smug little donkey, he admits no place for gentle living or kindness, and though you see him breaking slowly under the terrible strain, you see him also as exalted by the blood religion he serves, until the small and nasty become things not for shame and alibi but for public monuments. He is the most dangerous thing, the clod brought to life and given pride, fed and hopped up and made terribly efficient.

OTIS FERGUSON

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As I Lay Dying

Love and Death: An Imaginary Autobiography, by Llewellyn Powys. New York: Simon and Schuster. 303 pages. $2.50.

A FEW MONTHS after the outbreak of the war Llewellyn Powys died of consumption in Switzerland. This, his last work, was finished during the final stages of his illness, when his body began "to suspect its own death and from sheer fright" seemed "ready to expire." Face to face with death Powys recalls the story of his first love. It is a romantic, stylized dream, told against the background of suffering and dying. The youth, Lulu, falls in love with Dittany, who belongs to the ancient world of the "great fays." She is both naïve and and sophisticated, self-assured as well as obedient to his wishes. Fine and unsubstantial as air, she seems to him like "sunlight upon glittering mountain snow." Mysteriously she combines the wisdom of all ages, and out-of-the-way situations are to her ordinary.

In an exalted, poetic prose life is dramatized and transfigured, standing bright against the shadows of death. The ground on which Dittany dances is as remote from this world as the Elysian plains. This is no love story. It is a story of death, where love, nature, thinking and longing have been raised to an abstract, imaginary level. On this level, which only the dying can perceive, beauty has turned to perfection, sex to religion, knowledge to wisdom. Trees and rivers, grass, rocks and hills are one-dimensional ornaments, their golden colors woven across a glowing screen of clouds. The author's hymn to nature, his worship of sex, are no more part of the rhythm of life, no more acceptance but renunciation. Classically arranged as on Poussin's landscapes the image of the world has become static and final. It has ceased to revolve and therefore ceased to exist. Death alone remains real, being present behind the perfection of each line, visible, hot, tangible. This is the substance and achievement of this book; its horrible, inexhaustible realization of death, pungent and ugly against the foil of a last, miraculous dream. Between coughing-spasms and hemorrhages arises the vision of life, appearing so stainlessly white and pure because death is utter darkness.

MARIANNE HAUSER

Contributors

THOMAS REVEILLE is the pseudonym of an economist in the government service. His article in this issue is a chapter of his book, "The Spoil of Europe: The Nazi Technique in Political and Economic Conquest," to be published this month by W. W. Norton.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent of The New Republic, is now in this country on a brief visit.

PHILIP S. BROWN is a writer in the Resettlement Administration and the Farm Security Administration. He has lived in Greenbelt for the last two years.

EDWIN MUIR is best known for his critical studies and for his translations (with his wife, Willa Muir), of the novels of Franz Kafka.

HARVEY BREIT is a contributor to Poetry, Twice-a-Year and New Directions. The Capricorn Press will soon publish a book of his poems, "There Falls Tom Fool."

MARIANNE HAUSER has contributed articles and reviews to periodicals in this country and in Switzerland.

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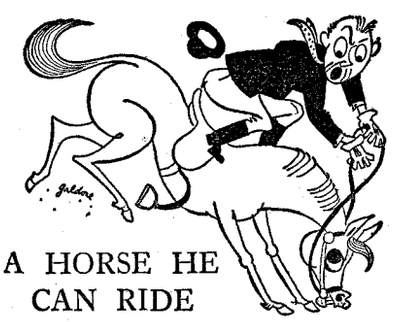

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